The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE.
ADAM HOY.
[Subject to the decision of Dem. Judicial Conference.]

FOR CONGRESS.
ANDREW G. CURTIN.
[Subject to the decision of Dem. Congr. Conference.]

For Associate Judge—Chester Munson.
For Assembly—Leonard Rhone. John A. Woodward.
For Sheriff—Miles Walker.
For Prothonotary—Robert G. Brett,
For Treasurer—Charles Smith.
For Register—James A. McClain.
For Recorder—Frank E. Bible.
For Commissioners—A. J. Greist. John Wolf.
For Auditors—Solomon Peck. J. N. Dinges.

Cleveland visited his home at Buffalo the other day, where thousands turned out to welcome him.

Gen Butlerjust now is busy on another Dutch Gap canal. Next he'll be down at New Orleans for more spoons.

It has been ascertained that all who wear a 6¾ hat are for Blaine and can't see any thing wrong in the Mulligan letters.

The race is now no longer between Cleveland and Blaine, but rather between Cleveland and the Lockwood folks with Blaine knocked out as a thumbsucking looker on.

Blaine had fixed upon this week for his traveling circus in West Virginia, but learning that Ohio was in danger he went back to the Buckeye state, leaving West Virginia to the Democrats.

If the congressional conference does not make a nomination this week, we would advise an adjournment *sine die*, let each county run its candidate—this would settle it by a triumphant election, by the people, of Curtin, the people's choice, over Reed, Dill, Peale and Hall.

If each one of about 200 of the dogs in Bellefonte could be given a fatal dose of cold lead the effect would be most salutary on the town and its inhabitants.—Bellefonte *Republican*.

Have each one of the dogs write a letter such as Blaine did to Fisher, and you'll have dogs dead as Blaine, without pizen or cold lead.

A report having been circulated that John A. Woodward, one of the Democratic nominees for Assembly, would favor the passage of a law compelling people to keep their cattle from running at large, Mr. Woodward in a letter denies that he favors such a law.

Mr. Rhone, also, denies that he favors the passage of such a law.

The following is the Centre county prohibition county ticket:

Assembly, W. H. Musser, Milesburg, and Rev. G. W. Currin, Centre Hall; Associate Judge, Henry Spotts, of Union; Sheriff, Thomas J. Taylor, Unionville; Prothonotary, Christain Buck, Unionville; Treasurer, W. P. Fisher; Register J. Zeigler; Recorder, E. H. Walker; Commissioners, Jos. Rodgers, of Boggs, and Wm. Dale, of Spring; Auditors, Harvey Poorman and Michael Derstine.

From an advance slip of the *Railway Age* it appears that from January 1 to September 30, this year, 2,533 miles of main track have been laid on 120 lines in forty states and territories, against 4,244 miles during the corresponding period in 1884, and 8,075 miles in 1882. It also notes that most of the work this year is being done on branches and short connecting or independent lines.

THE TRUTH VINDICATED.

The Harrisburg *Patriot*, of 3d instant, says the hearing in the Anderson-Herbert libel suit before Alderman Fager yesterday established most conclusively the truth of the publication made in this journal in regard to the alleged bribery of James G. Blaine by W. H. Kemble, of Philadelphia. It must be understood that Mr. C. H. Bergner, whose name was given as the authority on which the statement in reference to the alleged Kemble-Blaine bribery was based, raised a question of veracity in regard to the matter. On his denial of the averment in the *Patriot*, the New York *Sun*, Philadelphia *Press* and other prominent papers denounced the *Patriot* in the most vehement language for having promulgated an outrageous and unmittigated slander. The testimony given yesterday before Alderman Fager completely sustains and confirms the publication in the *Patriot*.

Mr. Blaine came in contact with a Democratic procession at Toledo, while out riding with one of the local bosses, that railed his bouyant temper. A correspondent says:

Blaine and Jim Brown, Rep. Chairman, started for a ride. They got down on Summit street in front of the Democratic headquarters, and found the people so packed together in the streets that the carriage could not get through. Mr. Brown and Mr. Blaine were detained for a good fraction of an hour right under a great banner with the portraits of Cleveland and Hendricks upon it and in front of a transparency illuminated by an electric light. And while they stood there in the immense mass of people, boys were engaged in distributing the Mulligan letters, crying: "Here's the Mulligan letters. We are distributing to all, because Mr. Blaine, the Republican candidate for President, says he wants everybody to read them."

Blaine was as white and livid as a piece of chalk during this trying ordeal. He stroked his beard nervously, looked about on every hand, expecting his partisans to raise a cry in his behalf that would down the annoying outcries of the Democrats, but nobody came to his rescue, and finally he turned to Jim Brown and said: "For God's sake, Brown, get me out of this! Get me out of this! I can't stand it any longer!" Brown turned to him and said: "Why, Mr. Blaine, how can I get you out of this? Look at the crowd." Blaine said: "Well, get me out some way; I must not stay here any longer, if I have to get out of the carriage." But after the crowd in a measure had melted away to see the Democratic procession, the carriage was able to proceed.

The telegraphic report of the Greenback State convention held in Bellefonte, on 30 ult., is as follows:

Eighty-three delegates, representing twenty-six of the sixty-six counties of the state, met in the Court House at this place at 11 o'clock to-day, as the Greenback State Convention. James Davids, of Clinton county, was chosen temporary chairman, with Frank Quick, of Susquehanna, and Jared Miller, of Philadelphia, temporary secretaries. The usual number of committees were appointed on credentials, platform, etc., and the convention permanently organized by the election of D. F. St. Clair, of Indiana, as Chairman, the temporary Secretaries being continued. After a great deal of wrangling and any number of speeches the delegates got down to work and nominated for Congressman-at-Large N. L. Atwood, of Venango county; for Electors-at-Large, Thomas Armstrong, of Pittsburg; Samuel Calvin, of Blair, and William Wilhelm, of Schuylkill. District electors were also chosen in all the districts in which the names of Butler men were known, but the names of the persons chosen were changed so often that it is impossible to secure a correct list. The contest for chairman of the State Committee was very warm and almost threatened a bolt, but was finally compromised by continuing Chairman Rynder as chief with a Vice Chairman in Pittsburg, and one additional in Philadelphia.

To-night's session is being devoted to the matter of fusion, and it is stirring up a good bit of bad blood, Brumm and the Schuylkill delegates opposing the movement and the Western men generally favoring it. Those who profess to know say that the matter will be settled by the appointment of a committee to wait upon the Democratic Executive Committee and ascertain if any arrangements looking to fusion can be made, with power to act in the matter.

THE CHAMPION FALSIFIER.

The evidence is now produced, says the *World*, that Mr. Blaine purchased and became possessed of one block of the stock of the Hope Furnace Tract Association, in the Hocking Valley, in 1880, of the value of $25,000; that he paid for the same by a draft on Steve Elkins, of Star Route notoriety, and present manager of the Blaine campaign, and that he subsequently received in exchange thereof $50,000 of the first mortgage bonds of the Standard Coal and Iron Company, of the Hocking Valley. These bonds were transferred to Steve Elkins and receipted for by him "on account of James G. Blaine."

It is thus proved by documentary evidence that Mr. Blaine's letter, written on July 22, last, addressed to "Hon. H. S. Bundy," denying that the writer had ever "owned a share of stock in any coal, iron or land company in the State of Ohio," was a deliberate and wilful falsehood.

The lie was uttered to shield Blaine from the stigma of having had a share of responsibility for the terrible sufferings of the miners in the Hocking Valley.

On the principle that "where concealment is desirable avoidance is advisable" there is not a line or a word in the untruthful Bundy Letter which is not consistent with Mr. Blaine's idea of the most scrupulous integrity and honor.

When Mr. Blaine stood up in the House of Representatives and declared that he had never had any dealings with Tom Scott he told a lie which was fastened upon him by the publication of the letters between himself and Fisher. When he sent his indignant telegram to Indianapolis denouncing the scandal about himself as without the slightest foundation he lied, for his subsequent letter to Phelps admitted a state of facts which warranted the public in and about Millersburg, Ky., in placing a bad interpretation upon his early amatory conduct. When he wrote to Hezekiah S. Bundy from Bar Harber last summer denying that he ever owned any coal or iron lands of any kind in Ohio he lied, for in 1880 he sent his draft to Ohio for $25,000 to pay for an interest in the Hope Furnace Tract Association (engaged in the purchasing of coal lands in Vinton and Athens counties,) and the same is now made apparent. Did ever a public man tell so many public falsehoods and have them so publicly fastened upon him?

BIGGEST STEAL ON RECORD.

How Two Million Dollars Were Stolen—Official Report of Experts.

The official report of the experts who examined the books of Arnold, Constable & Co. show, it is said, that Henry C. Pedder, the confidential clerk, and Herbert Seymour, cashier, stole during two years nearly $2,000,000. The greater portion of the money, it is alleged, went into the pockets of Pedder. He was in Europe when the discovery was made that he was a defaulter, was summoned back and on his arrival was arrested. While he was in the custody of a deputy sheriff at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, he deeded all his vast property to the firm, including his magnificent home at Llewellyn Park, New Jersey, and his interest in the *Manhattan Magazine*, which he helped to establish and kept running. Seymour also surrendered his property and went to Europe. It is admitted that the property surrendered by Pedder and Seymour covers but a small proportion of their defalcations, but thus far no attempt has been made to arrest them on civil or criminal suits. Pedder's deficiencies alone amount to $1,000,000. Several trusted employes were in the plot to rob the firm. Pedder lived at the rate of $50,000 a year, and when the receipts of the retail department were brought to him every evening he would pocket $1,000 or more and make false entries on the books. This he carried on for three years.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT MILROY.

On Friday evening, Sept. 32, about 8 o'clock the large barn of Christian Hartman, situated at the upper end of Milroy, was discovered to be on fire, and in a comparatively short time the entire structure, with all its contents, containing five head of horses, about 1,000 bu. of wheat, half of which was threshed, about 500 or 600 bushels of oats, a large lot of hay, and all of the farming implements, were destroyed. As soon as the fire was discovered Mr. Hartman rushed to the barn for the purpose of getting out his horses, but upon opening the stable doors he was driven back by the flames. Consequently he found it impossible to get his stock or anything else from the burning building. Flames from the barn also communicated to the house, a stone structure, and a frame stable near by, and they were also consumed. Nearly everything in the house was gotten out, but several tons of hay in the stable were consumed. A chicken coop containing 65 turkeys was also burned, as was also about 3000 feet of dry lumber. The loss to Mr. Hartman is estimated at about $6,000, the only insurance being $1400 upon the barn and its contents. This complete destruction of property will fall heavily upon Mr. Hartman, it sweeping away his all. The fire is supposed to be of incendiary origin. Mr. Hartman and his family have the sympathy of all in the serious loss they have sustained.—*Free Press.*

CURTIN'S CONTEST.

But One More Vote Needed to Give Him the Renomination for Congress.

Lewisburg, Oct. 4.—The contest among the Democratic conferrees of th 20th Congressional district has been adjourned until Tuesday next, when it will be resumed at Lewistown. Gradually the conferrees are swinging around the counties, six in all. The conferrees came down from the wilds of Elk county and got together here yesterday. After a number of ballots, in which there was no change, a recess was taken until to-day. The trouble is the district is too large and that the local candidates are too many. Although Congressman Curtin is beyond question the choice of the district his contest for re-nomination has been a hard one. He has been running along with six conferrees out of the eighteen. This afternoon there was a break. On th 68th ballot, at the request of Mr. Peale, the votes of Clinton county were cast for Mr. Curtin, bringing him up to 9 and within one of a nomination. The 9 votes stuck to him for ten ballots, and then, at four o,clock, the conference adjourned. The contest ended to-day in this shape: Curtin 9, Hall 6½, Reed 1½, Dill 1. The contest will, it is now thought, end in the nomination of Curtin at Lewistown.

An important move of a number of iron men in Eastern Pennsylvania has been made public. A pool has been formed at Reading with a capital of $100,000 for the purpose of testing the New Henderson process of making carbon steel. If it is found satisfactory quite a number of iron plants will be transformed into steel mills at once. The Iron men seem to think that the time has come when iron mills generally will be supplanted by steel mills.

THE BROKEN PROMISES OF 1880.

General Samuel F. Cary, of Ohio, Gives Some Points.

General Samuel F. Cary, of Ohio, in a letter from the iron and coal regions of south-eastern Ohio, tells the public how these promises by which voters were humbugged in 1880, have been kept. He says under date:

JACKSON, C. H., O, Sept. 26.—* * * A confiding people believed these orators and voted the republican ticket. How have these promises of better times and better wages been kept and the expectations been realized? What are the facts? Most of the furnace fires are out and the tall chimneys are the habitations of owls and bats. The enterprising operators are either bankrupt or in greatly reduced circumstances. The ore diggers are either idle or working at starvation wages. There are hundreds of families in Lawrence and Jackson counties who must have county aid or starve. In Jackson county, rich in mineral resources, in a population of less than 25,000, there are 500 paupers, and five times that number who should have aid to make them comparatively comfortable. To-day in company with the Hon. Irvine Dugan, an ex-senator and prominent lawyer of Jackson county, I visited some of the ore banks to learn for myself the condition and prospects of the miners. In all my travels in Europe I have never seen such destitution and want. There I found women and children barefooted, with pick and shovel, working laboriously at the ore banks. The average earnings of the men and women do not exceed 25 cents a day, and very many do not get 15 cents per day, and they are paid in store goods at the merchant's own price. Flour, bacon and other necessaries of life command from them the highest price. The operators are not to blame for they are on the trembling verge of bankruptcy. I asked some of these poor creatures why they did not go and find homes in the west. (Not one in a hundred of them own the shanty in which they stay.) The reply was: "We cannot get away and can hardly stay where we are."

Many of them feel that they have been misled and deceived, and say if this is protection, they want no more of the same kind. The same orators who made such promises and gave such glowing pictures of the benefits of protection, eight years ago, are now telling them that the present depressed condition of things must be atributed to the fear that the democrats may get into power and modify the tariff. You may expect large accessions to the democratic ranks in the mining districts of Ohio. There would be a complete revolution, but for the corrupt uses of money. If your readers could witness the destitution and misery brought upon the country by the vicious legislation of the republican party, they would labor with increased energy and zeal for the election of Cleveland and Hendricks and a democratic congress. In no other way will these robbed and oppressed toilers be delivered from their cruel bondage.

BISHOP HUNTINGDON.

Why He Prefers Governor Cleveland to James G. Blaine.

[Northampton Letter to Springfield Republican.]

Among the prominent men of the country who spend their summer in the delightful old county of Hampshire is Bishop Huntingdon, of Syracuse, N. Y., who resides for the summer in an old-fashioned farm-house somewhat modernized, in the quaint and historical old town of Hadley. Your reporter had a very pleasant chat the other day with this well known theologian on the political aspects of the day. While the Bishop's tastes and work do not lead him into politics, yet he is a keen observer of what is going on in the political world, and his deductions are made after mature reflection and careful investigation. As to his own position the Bishop said: "I class myself with the Independents, for I am in the habit of voting according to the character of the men placed in nomination." In reply to a query as to his opinion of Mr. Blaine he said: "Well, I have no desire to publish my opinions to the world, nor do I care to hold them back. I have never been in favor of Mr. Blaine, whom I recognize as a trafficker in official influence, and I am very much pained to see so many of my New England friends yielding up the high standard of morals so requisite to the Presidential candidate in the past. Nothing has been said in this miserable attempt which can bring him into the society of the pure statesmen of the past. It would indeed be deplorable if the young men of this nation should be informed by this election that the people of the United States condone the offenses proved against James G. Blaine. The moral effect would be very depressing should they be told by his election that they can lie, defraud, become demagogues, bribe givers and takers and still not forfeit the public confidence. It is a humiliating spectacle to see so many men like Hoar, Dawes and others twisting his dishonored record in such a way as to become a deliberate attempt to make his conduct reputable. To me the action of those who sneer at the attempt to purify the political atmosphere is contemptible."

As the Bishop spends most of his time in Central New York his opinion of Mr. Cleveland has weight. In answer to his views of Cleveland he remarked: "His public life has been trustworthy, upright and manly. He is a man of honor and there is much in his public career to admire." Touching upon the scandal concerning Gov. Cleveland's private life, Bishop Huntingdon said with emphasis: "Believing as I do that this is a thing of the past and no part of his present character, I shall certainly vote for him. Until I came into this state I never heard aught about this scandal. He does not look with complacency upon the past, and is not living as a dissolute man. According to the Christianity which I teach we are to forgive, and as I understand that he is living an honorable life in the present, I see no reason why I should not cast my vote for the reform Governor, Grover Cleveland."

CONGRESS AND JUDGE.

The congressional conference met at Lewistown on Tuesday but did not succeed in making a nomination, up to this morning.

The judicial conference met at Bellefonte on Tuesday and the vote still stands Hoy 3 and Bailey 3.

An exchange says an arrangement has been made with its employees by the Pennsylvania railroad company whereby the former will receive their winter coal at a reduction of almost fifty per cent. Coal which is retailed by the dealers at $5.00 and $5.50 per ton will be sold to the employees at the rate of $2.76 per ton. This arrangement has been in operation on the Philadelphia division of the road for some time and it now goes into effect along the middle division.

According to this dealers who charge $4 to $5.50 for coal per ton are having an enormous profit for when the Penn'a R. R. sells its employees coal at $2.76 per ton it certainly is not selling under cost.

DIVORCE LAWS OF THE WORLD.

The following particulars as to the methods of securing divorces in different countries may be useful:

Australians—Divorces have never been sanctioned in Australia.

Jews—In olden times the Jews had a discretionary power of divorcing their wives.

Javans—If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain sum.

Thibetans—Divorces are seldom allowed, unless with the consent of both parties—neither of whom can afterward re-marry.

Moors—If the wife does not become the mother of a boy she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and she can marry again.

Abyssinians—No form of marriage is necessary. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper.

Siberians—If the man be dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears her cap or vail from her head, and this constitutes a divorce.

Corean—The husband can divorce his wife, or treasure, and leave her the charge of maintaining the children. If she proved unfaithful he can put her to death.

Siamese—The first wife may be divorced, not sold, as the others may be. She may then claim the first, third, and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband.

Arctic Region—When a man desires a divorce he leaves the house in anger and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes, and leaves.

Druse and Turkomen—Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and he says "go," without adding "but come back again," she is divorced. Though both parties desire it, they cannot live together without being re-married.

Cochin Chinese—If the parties choose to separate they break a pair of chopsticks or a copper coin in the presence of witnesses, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property belonging to her prior to her marriage.

American Indians—Among some tribes the pieces of sticks given the witnesses of the marriage are burned as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old ones being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has borne him sons.

Tartars—The husband may put away his partner and seek another when it pleases him, and the wife may do the same. If she be ill-treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the house, and pronounces a form of divorce.

Chinese—Divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislikes, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot sell his wife until she leaves him, and becomes a slave to him by action of the law for desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displeases his parents.

SNUFF IN CORNWALL.

Says an English contemporary: The miners of Cornwall are the best customers of our snuff merchants, their consumption being enormous. Nearly a hundred tons of snuff—what is known as "violet snuff" is their favorite "sneeze"—will go down to them in a year, all done up in one-pound packets. "Tom Buck" is a snuff which is sent in large quantities into Yorkshire, where it is extensively consumed by the mill-girls. The straw-plaiting girls in Bedfordshire also manifest a strong partiality for this snuff.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, Thomas J. Dunkle, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in said county of Centre, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1884,

[being the Tuesday, next, following the first Monday in November] at which time the following officers will be elected, to wit:

2 persons for Electors-at-Large for President and Vice President of the United States;

27 persons for District Electors for President and Vice President of the United States.

One person for Congressman-at-Large for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for Congressman from this district.

One person for President Judge of the district of Centre and Huntingdon counties.

One person for Associate Judge for the county Centre.

Two persons for members of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, for Centre County.

One person for High Sheriff for the county of Centre.

One person for Prothonotary for the County of Centre.

One person for Treasurer for the county of Centre.

One person for Register for the county of Centre.

One person for Recorder for the county of Centre.

Three persons for Commissioners for the county of Centre.

Three persons for Auditors for the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several boroughs and townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines at the public house of And. Immel at Aaronsburg west precinct.

Haines township, east precinct, at the school house in Woodward.

For the township of Half Moon at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor at the house erected for that purpose on the property of Leonard Meryman.

For the township of Potter, north precinct, at the public house of D. J. Meyer in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter, southern precinct, at the public house of D. H. Ruhl, Potters Mills.

For the township of Gregg, northern precinct, at Murry's school house.

For the township of Gregg, southern precinct, at the public house owned by J B Fisher, of Penn Hall.

For the township of College in the school house at Lemont.

For the township of Ferguson, old precinct, in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson, new precinct, in the school house at Baileyville.

For the township of Harris in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte, and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court house in Bellefonte.

For the borough and township of Howard at the school house of said borough.

For the township of Rush, northern precinct, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Rush, southern precinct, at Powelltown school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe, east precinct, at the school house in Snow Shoe town.

For the township of Snow Shoe, west precinct, at the Moshannon school house.

For the township of Marion at the house of Joel King in Jacksonsville

For the borough of Milesburg at the school house of Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, north precinct, at the Walker school house.

For the township of Boggs, south precinct, at the Central City school house.

For the township of Huston at the Silver Dale school house.

For the township of Penn at the public house of Joseph Kleckner, Coburn.

For the borough of Millheim at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said borough.

For the township of Liberty in the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Worth at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside at the school house of J K Boak.

For the township of Curtin at the school house of Robert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union at the new school house at Unionville.

For the first and Second wards of the borough of Philipsburg at the large public school house.

For the Third ward of the borough of Philipsburg at the small public school house.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That all persons, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold an office or appointment of any profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law capable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for.

TICKETS TO BE VOTED.

The qualified electors will take notice of the following acts of Assembly, approved the 12th day of March, 1866: "An act regulating the mode of voting at all elections in the several counties of this Commonwealth."

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the qualified electors for the several counties of the Commonwealth, at all general, township, borough and special elections are hereby authorized and required to vote by tickets, printed or written, or partly printed or partly written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of judges of courts voted for and to be labeled outside "Judiciary;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the State officers to be voted for, and shall be labeled "State;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the officers voted for, including the office of Senator and members of the Assembly, if voted for, and be labeled "County;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the township officers voted for, and be labeled "Township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the borough officers voted for, and be labeled "Borough;" and each class shall be deposited in separate ballot-boxes.

THOMAS J. DUNKLE,
Sheriff of Centre County.

SUBSTITUTES FOR HUMAN MILK.

One of the most notable discussions on the substitutes for human milk in children's diet is that which took place at the forty-fourth meeting of German naturalists and German physicians at Salzburg. A commission had been previously appointed to prepare papers, the discussion being directed to two points, viz.: 1. The substitution of natural, unadulterated animal (cow's) milk for the human milk and its production. 2. The substitution of artificial foods, with or or without milk, for the natural milk—their nature and value. After earnest discussion for two days, the conclusion reached in regard to artificial foods was expressed in a unanimous resolution "that these preparations can in no way be substituted for mothers' milk, and, as exclusive foods during the first year, are to be entirely and completely rejected." Cow's milk was declared to be the only substitute for human milk, and every effort should be made to insure its purity and goodness.

HOW TO LIVE.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair,

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part,
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Now hither, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won,
And thou may'st look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

WAS IT SUICIDE?

Jack Bancroft and I were old friends. I had known him from his babyhood, and loved him for the excellent qualities of heart and brain which he possessed to an uncommon degree. Jack was one of fortune's favorites, while I—well my lines had not fallen in altogether pleasant places; yet through all the changes of my changeful life we had remained firm friends.

One day he came into my study which, by the way, was parlor, dining and bedroom all in one, and declared I must take a holiday, and accompany him to a place in Jersey where he had spent a portion of the previous summer. I, nothing loth, accepted the invitation, only too glad to get away from the sweltering heat of the city, and the next evening found myself an inmate of a large farm house near Port Murry. A quaint old house it was too, surrounded by magnificent shade trees. An old-fashioned garden filled with a profusion of roses that made the air almost overpowering with their perfume. How I feasted on fresh eggs, milk and other delicacies! But my own special enjoyment of that Summer outing has nothing to do with my story.

For a week or more we wandered around all day long with guns and fishing rods, shooting harmless little birds, and catching a fish or two. One evening we were seated astride a rail fence when Jack suddenly raised his gun and fired. The report from the gun was followed by a cry of pain.

"By George!" exclaimed my friend, "I guess I have shot some one."

We bounded over the fence, and made our way through a field of clover toward the spot from whence the cry proceeded. Under a tree we espied a girl, small and slim, with gypsy-like face, shaking her brown hand and moaning piteously.

"Are you hurt badly, little one?" I asked, stooping to examine the hand that had received the charge of shot.

"Not very much, sir. But oh, it frightened me so! I wasn't doing any harm, only just lying in the grass to rest." she replied.

"Poor little thing!" said Jack. "I am to blame, I am very sorry. Where do you live? I will take you home and dress the wound. I am something of a surgeon," he explained turning toward me.

The child hung her head and made no answer to the inquiry, which he repeated.

"I don't live anywhere. I ran away from Aunt Becky. She's a hateful old cat and beat and beat me till I couldn't stand it any longer—then I ran away. You needn't ask me to go back to her, for I won't. My hand doesn't hurt much. Even if it did, it isn't as hard to bear as Aunt Becky's beatings.

She uttered the words in a breathless, terrified way, and gazed at us defiantly, as if to assure us that she would resist any attempt on our part to lead her back to the relative who had so cruelly used her.

"Poor little waif," said Jack, tenderly; "we don't want you to return to Aunt Becky. Then to me: "Suppose we take her to the tavern where we lunched yesterday. There I can dress the wound and get her something to eat."

When she was convinced that we were inclined to befriend her, we had no difficulty in inducing her to accompany us to the tavern, about a mile distant. On the way there the girl, half child and half woman, told us that her name was Alma Lake. She was an orphan, and had lived with her aunt as long as she could remember. She had worked hard all her life and had always been harshly treated. Nobody had ever spoken kindly to her except her old grandfather, who died the previous year. Aunt Becky was glad when he died, because he had to be waited on just like a baby, and she (Alma) often wished she could die, too, and lie in the graveyard beside her dear old grandpapa.

When we reached the tavern Jack dressed the slight wound and ordered supper for our *protege*. Before leaving her for the night we made her promise to remain at the tavern until we called the day following.

The wounded hand progressed favorably and in a w[illegible] time was entirely well. Then the landlady, whom Jack had named the Countess of Blessington, told us she was willing to keep Alma for the summer season, providing she would agree to take care of the children and keep them out of her way during the busiest hours of the day. And when we informed Alma of the proposition she gladly consented to remain.

I was very much occupied on a serial I was preparing for a weekly journal, and Jack was left to devise ways and means of whiling away the long summer days. Therefore he would frequently start off after breakfast and sometimes would not return until evening. One day curiosity prompted me to ask him how he managed to kill time, when he laughingly replied that he had turned schoolmaster.

"You see," he explained, "Alma takes the little Blessingtons into the woods every morning and keeps them there nearly the entire day. While they are playing near by she, under my supervision, studies from a dog-eared primer belonging to one of the children. The poor girl has never been to school, consequently can neither read nor write. But she has proven a wonderfully apt scholar. She has already mastered the primers, and to-morrow I am going to the village to purchase a slate, pencil and reader for her."

He appeared to take a genuine interest in the progress of his pupil and declared she learned more in a week than he could in a month.

The Summer was passing away pleasantly enough. Jack seemed perfectly content with the rustic life we were living and I found it very restful—away from the noise and bustle of the city. One day I received a letter which made a trip to New York necessary. I informed Jack of my intended visit and asked him to accompany me. This he declined doing, saying he meant to start to Saratoga in a few days, to join his mother and sisters, who were already there.

Business detained me in New York much longer than I had expected, and after an absence of nearly two weeks I returned, believing of course, that Jack had departed for Saratoga long before. I was considerably astonished when our landlady informed me that he had not gone yet, although he had talked of going every day, but had finally decided to await my return.

I strolled down the road toward Lily Lake, a beautiful pond upon whose surface we had whiled away many an idle hour, wondering the while what my return had to do with his contemplated journey. As I drew near the spot I discovered Jack and his pupil standing under a tree on the lake's margin. He appeared to be earnestly expostulating with her as she stood before him with bowed head and hands clasped over his arm. The sight filled me with pain. I thought, is it possible that I have overestimated his sense of honor? Can it be that he has wantonly taught this poor friendless child to love him? My better judgment told me that my suspicions were unfounded, and yet—I turned away, determined to question him closely regarding the matter, and if my suspicions were correct to read him a lecture he would not soon forget.

I was in my room when he came sauntering up the lane leading to the house. As I went out to meet him I observed that his handsome young face wore a troubled look.

"I am so glad you are back!" he exclaimed cordially, grasping my hand. "I could not go until you returned."

"Why not?" I demanded coldly.

"Oh, confound it, on account of little Alma; she went on in such a dreadful way when I told her I was going that I had not the heart to leave her. You see, the poor child has always been so friendless. I tried to be kind to her. Don't look at me in that way, old friend; on my honor I meant no harm. It never entered my mind to think she would learn to care for me." Here his boyish face flushed slightly. "As God hears me," he continued, "I assure you I have never uttered one word of love to her. I will, I must, go away tomorrow; then you can tell her—but you will know what to say. I will leave some money with you, and when the countess ceases to require her services we must put her in the way to earn a decent livelihood."

He looked so perplexed and spoke so sincerely that the shadow of suspicion I had harbored concerning him left my mind.

"You had better leave immediately," I advised.

"I will. I will start by the first train to-morrow. And you will be kind to little Alma, for my sake, old friend, will you not?"

I assured him that hers was only a child's fancy, and that she would probably forget all about him in a weeks' time, and the idea seemed to comfort him greatly.

The next morning our host carried Jack's luggage to the depot and we, having time to spare, walked there. On the road just beyond the tavern we encountered Alma. She did not come to greet us, as was her wont, but looked sadly and silently at us. As we drew near I held out my hand and spoke pleasantly to her. She did not heed my greeting, but kept on, her eyes fixed on Jack's face.

"Our friend is going to leave us today," I remarked.

"Oh, take me with you, Mr. Jack!" she cried, rushing forward and grasping his hands.

"That is impossible, Alma," I said, somewhat sternly.

"But he will come back! Oh! say that you will come back!" she pleaded, still clinging to his arm.

"No, Alma, he will not come back. Mr. Bancroft and his sisters will go to Europe in the Fall."

I took her brown hands in mine and motioned Jack to walk on. He stroked her cheek tenderly and without uttering a word turned away.

She gazed after him with a yearning look on her young face that made my heart throb with pity.

"Will you never, never come back!" she murmured in a tone so low that it did not reach his ears.

"Come, Alma, you are too old to behave so childish!" I remonstrated. "Take the children to the woods and I will see you when the train starts."

I turned and followed Jack, who was moving very rapidly. I did not overtake him, and when I reached the depot the train was just moving off. On the way back I looked for Alma, but failed to find her. Having important work to do, I proceeded on my way, determined to call during the evening. I became deeply interested in my writing, however, and did not go in search of her until the following evening. Then I learned that she had disappeared on the morning of Jack's departure.

"I suppose she has gone off with Mr. Bancroft," observed the countess in a severe tone.

"I think you are mistaken, madam," I replied, anxious to shield my friend, yet fearing her words were too true.

I sat down and wrote to Jack, telling him of Alma's disappearance, but made no comments on what I deemed his dishonorable act. Three days later Jack was back at the farm. When I repeated the story of her disappearance, he said, sadly:

"And you believed I returned here and took her away. You did me a great wrong, old friend. Nothing on earth could have induced me to take such a step. I have not seen the poor child since the morning I went away. Banish your unjust suspicions, and let us go in search of her."

When we were about leaving the house to begin our search, the landlady told us there was great excitement in the village, owing to the fact that some men, while rowing on the lake, had found the body of a woman floating in the water. The body had been carried to the tavern, and the county coroner had been sent for.

The news sent Jack into a terrible state of excitement. He started for the tavern at such speed that I could scarcely keep pace with him. When we reached our destination the countess told us the body was in the woodshed. She had not looked at it, but they said it was that of a young girl.

Jack and I went to the outhouse; where the dripping body lay on a rough table. Some kindly hand had placed a horse blanket over it. We moved the covering, and saw, as we both expected, the swollen, disfigured face of poor little Alma.

After one hasty glance, Jack turned away, unable to repress the sobs that did honor to his noble heart.

The coroner pronounced it a case of accidental drowning, and we kept silent regarding what we knew about our waif.

When the body was prepared for the grave, they found the book Jack had given her stowed away in the bosom of her dress. Jack paid the funeral expenses, and together we followed the remains to their last resting place.

We never could decide whether she threw herself in the water or was accidentally drowned, but hoped it was the latter. During Jack's absence in Europe, and according to his directions, I had a monument placed over her grave. It bears this inscription: ALMA LAKE, Aged fifteen years. "She hath loved much, and much will be forgiven her."

Diving-Bell and Armor.

There is a difference between a diving-bell and diving-armor. The bell is a hollow vessel, bell-shaped, inverted and forced down by pressure. The air within the vessel prevents water from rising and filling it. You can better understand it by forcing a goblet in a pail of water. By putting a small piece of wood—a bit of match—on the surface of the water, then forcing the goblet down over that, you can see exactly how much the glass is filled, and the extent of the air chamber, which, in a bell, furnishes a breathing space for the diver.

The diving armor consists of a round, copper helmet to go over the head provided with glass windows. This helmet is fastened down to the body by being connected with a breastplate. The helmet is large enough so that the head of the diver may be turned about with ease. The body of the operator is encased in a rubber garment, perfectly secure against the penetration of water.

Air is pumped in from above by means of a tube which connects with the back of the helmet, and a second tube from the same place gives escape to the air after it has furnished breath to the diver. The body of the operator is carried down by means of heavy weights attached, and a signal rope is provided, so that signals may be given to those in the outer world. One hundred and seventy feet is the greatest depth that we know of any diver reaching. In 1856 Mr. E. Harrington recovered the iron safe of the steamer Atlantic, sunk four years before in Lake Erie, at the depth of one hundred and fifty-seven feet.

A Departed Race.

Plenty of men are yet living who remember when buffaloes in countless herds covered all of the vast plains between the Missouri River and the Rock Mountains, from the borders of Mexico to the Arctic regions. It is not very long since. Only about fifty years ago their slaughter, to supply the demands of commerce, began, and then it was in a small way. The only article then sought was their skins, for converson into robes. The trade was at first only with the Indians, and along the Missouri River and its tributaries. The Indian, as a rule, is not wasteful nor improvident in the destruction of game. He realizes that it is the mainstay of his life, and if he wastes this year it may cause him to suffer from hunger next year; hence he kills to provide meat for the present; and preserves for the future. The skins from animals so slain, after sufficing for his own wants, find their way to the trader, and thence into the channels of commerce. Thus began the trade in buffalo skins. As the white man became acquainted with the country he saw profit in it, and about 1830 traders began to reach out into the buffalo country, accompanied by professional white hunters, who made a life business of slaughter. However, they were not very destructive, mainly because of their indolence, and partially, perhaps, for the reason that their arms were very imperfect as compared with those of the present day.

First, trading posts were established along the eastern edge of the buffalo range, upon the Missouri River and its larger tributaries. Then the traders crossed the plans and located a similar chain of posts, or forts, along the western edge of the range. These latter were close up to the foot of the great mountain range and at that time, the old employes tell, the great tide of buffalo migration, north and south, with the changing seasons, surged up against the foothills, and diverging columns turned up the larger streams into the mountains and over the passes above the limit of timber growth into the parks and valleys, and even to the sage plains of our present Utah, Nevada and Idaho. Even then the white man's methods in a few years had a marked effect upon the vast herds. The great column narrowed from the sides. The flanking columns were cut off from the mountain passes. The buffalo became rare west of the mountains. The trading posts moved westward from the Missouri and eastward from the mountains. At firstthe change was slow, then it increased year by year and the dates of the abandonment of old forts and the occupation of new ones, twenty-five or fifty miles further out upon the plans, would show exactly the ratio of dececase in the millions of wild cattle that formerly roamed there. So the destruction went steadily on, but, as it now appears, slowly, until twenty-five years ago, when civilization leaped in one stride from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains. Then the tide of travel across the plains by many routes became great and constant. For hundreds of miles the roads led through pastures yet plentifully stocked with buffalo. The writer has within twenty years traveled for six days in succession upon a stage coach without being at any time in daylight out of sight of herds of buffalo. Of course the slaughter increased with the influx of the white man. They were killed for meat, and when that was not wanted they were killed for sport—mere wanton destructiveness, or to brag about. In this epoch, if such the period may be styled, commerce and the world reaped no benefit from the slaughter, except in the little bit of the meat that was eaten by the butchers and their comrades. The skins were not saved. No meat was sent to market.

Then came the railroads; two lines, the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific, that penetrated the heart of the buffalo country in 1868 and traversed the entire breadth of it before midsummer of 1870. With them, in the hands of the masses, came also the deadly repeating and breechloading rifles, with which any pot-hunter could "pump" lead into a five hundred acre herd of buffalo with deadly effect, whether he could ever find the carcasses or not. That made no difference. If he wanted one animal he might just as well kill ten, or if he wanted ten it would take but little longer to shoot fifty, and in either case he could then pick out the best—provided the best did not go too far away to die. With the advent of the railways the buffalo killing was for a time all done "for meat." Hundreds and hundreds of men went regularly into the slaughter. The only meat they wanted was hams and tongues. The rest was left to rot. Even the hams were taken only from the best animals, judged by inspection after death, determined by a kind of coronor's inquest. Buffalo hams became one of the largest freight items on the railways. Carloads and train loads went to Eastern markets. Hundreds of tons rotted at the stations for want of shipping facilities, other hundreds or thousands of tons rotted before it could be transported from where killed to the railways.

For two or three years after the opening of the railways named, a train seldom crossed the plains without passing in sight of buffalo, and it was not an uncommon thing for a train to have to wait for a moving herd to cross the track. Now buffalo are never seen from the trains, nor have they been for eight or ten years past. But there remained one more harvest to be gathered from the departed native life and grandeur of the great plains; a poor, pitiful, post-mortem harvest of stinking bones. After they had surfeited the East with odorous hams and glutted the markets of the world with "robes" killed in season and out of season, these gallant hunters turned scavengers and gathered the rotting bones and blistering horns of the countless dead. Railway trains that had in former years groaned under loads of meat and bales of hides were now loaded down with bones destined for Eastern manufactories of various kinds.

The British Parliament.

The House of Lords in England has 509 members, and the House of Commons has 652. What we particularly notice is the frequent "hear, hear!" with which his party encourages the successful remarks of the orator. But when he carries the war into the enemy's country, their party in turn arouse themselves, and as passionately cry, "No, no," in more or less energetic tones, to statements. In the House of Commons there is none of the applause, the clapping of hands, by which approbation is expressed in France and in the United States. The father of the House of Commons is Mr. Christopher Rice Mansel Talbot, M. P., Lord-Lieutenant of Glamorganshire, who has just completed his eighty-first year, having been born May 12, 1803. Mr. Talbot has represented the county of Glamorgan in Parliament since 1830, without intermission, and may certainly therefore be considered the "father" of the House.

In the House of Lords the seats of red morocco leather extend on three sides of a central table. Behind these benches are galleries for the wives and daughters of peers, the reporters and the invited spectators. The throne is at the top of the chamber, raised upon a platform and dais of carved wood, on each side of which are two chairs, one for the Prince Consort, which has been vacant since 1866, and the other for the Heir Apparent. The throne is of course only occupied on grand occasions at the opening of Parliament, when the Queen in person comes down to the House, drawn by the eight cream-colored horses, Hanoverian as is the dynasty, and reads the Ministerial speech, commonly known as the "Speech from the Throne." But the etiquette of the place always supposes the royal authority to be present; it is represented by the crimson chair, and every peer when he enters bows respectfully to the august piece of furniture. An absurdity less strange than it appears, for in England Royalty is above all things decorative.

Invasion of India.

A French officer, Captain Napoleon Ney, who has been recently employed on several important military missions, has published a remarkable communication on British and Russian rivalries in central Asia. It contains a curious account of a conversation which the writer had with the late General Skobeleff, who at that time professed to regard the difficulties attending a Russian invasion of India as well nigh insurmountable. In reply to the question whether the Russians were able and desired to invade India, Skobeleff answered that he would not say anything relative to the political side of the matter. His personal opinion was that there was no question of central Asia involved, but simply a regrettable misunderstanding between England and Russia, which he was firmly persuaded would one day cease. He could not believe that two great European powers would wage war for the sake of some Asiatics. In the meantime General Skobeleff was of opinion, from a military point of view, that the invasion of India would be more difficult than is generally believed. "In order to take Akhal, and having at my disposal but 5000 men, I had to get 20,000 camels from Orenberg, Khiva, Bokhara and Mangishlak at great expense and with the utmost difficulty. In order to invade India we should have, in my opinion, 150,000 men—60,000 for the purpose of getting in, and 90,000 to guard our communications. And how many camels would it not require, and where could they be found? This is a detail of transport. But modern warfare is hampered by such details. Then how is an army to live? Afghanistan is a poor country, incapable of supplying food for an army of 60,000 men." General Skobeleff then went on to say that Russia had fixed her boundary in Asia at Persia, where she enjoys an influence similar to that of England in Afghanistan. The relations of Russia with Teheran he stated to be excellent, and it was agreed that Merv should mark the limit of the Czar's power in Asia. It was a good thing that Afghanistan on one hand and Kashgaria on the other interposed a barrier between Russia and India.

Where are there two things so opposite and yet so nearly related, so unlike and yet often so hard to be distinguished from each other, as humility and pride?

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Men's merits have their seasons as well as faults.

One vice is more expensive than many virtues.

Much coin, much care; much meat much malady.

Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.

Danger has a strange respect for those who defy it.

Better suffer from truth than prosper by falsehood.

The road to heaven is equally short where'er we die.

He who is scared by words, has no heart for deeds.

He who is of no use to himself is of no use to anyone.

Nothing is so secret but time and truth will reveal it.

Integrity is a virtue which seeks and needs no costumer.

A button is one of these events that are always coming off.

Manual gratification advances the pleasures of friendship.

To keep one's opinion is a cheap pleasure and a sweet one.

He who pretends to know everything proves that he knows nothing.

Why are persons fatigued like a wheel? Because they are tired.

What part of speech are shopkeepers most anxious to sell? Articles.

Pleasure may come of illusion, but happiness can only come of reality.

That which you have, and everybody else has at the same time—A name.

The ship that carries more passengers than the Great Eastern—Court-ship.

A glove fight—Trying to put on a number five on a number seven hand.

The duration of passion is no more in our power than the duration of life.

Why is a clock always bashful? Because its hands are ever before its face.

"Darling, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the other half, love."

What vocalist can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn?

Love is blind. That is why so many young people like to court in the dark.

Why is a tradesman who keeps enlarging his stock like a reptile? He's an adder.

What is that which never asks a question yet requires many answers? A door-bell.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Show us the young lady whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.

Keep carefully out of a quarrelsome person's way, and still more carefully out of his ways.

A person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them.

You may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joy on the other side.

"Hard lines," muttered the tramp when he tried to cut a clothes-rope and found it made of wire.

When a tree is felled, why has it no right to complain? Because it was axed whether it would or not.

Why is a comet more like a dog than the dog-star? Because a comet has got a tail, and the dog-star hasn't.

If you hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

It is the pleasure of the gods—that what is in conformity with justice shall also be in conformity to the laws.

Whatever people may think of you, do that which you believe right. Be alike indifferent to censure or praise.

Æstheticism is nothing new to the goat. From his earliest history he is known to have been just awfully all but.

The moment we feel angry in controversy we have already ceased striving for truth and begun striving for ourselves.

He who is dear to the hearts is near, though far as he can be: he whom the heart rejects is remote, though near as our very self.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he is sure of losing.

It is better to be a beggar than an ignorant person; for a beggar only wants money, but an ignorant person wants humanity.

Philanthrophy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever extending circle.

Faith in a sublime truth, loyalty to a great purpose, will make the faces of men shine like the sun, and their raiment white as the light.

Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has at least this use: That it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle will seldom be vicious.

Chivalry is not confined to the relation of the sexes. It is a sentiment which should rightly inspire all who are highly favored in any respect towards those who are less fortunate.

Men's fortunes are oftener made by their tongue than by their virtues; and more fortunes overthrown thereby, also, than by their vices.

As the soil however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of what he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.

A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home, and the sweetest music in all the world to one who loves you. It is to the heart what light is to the eye

HIGH SAILS THE MOON.

High sails the moon to-night,
Full-orbed and silver-bright,
And cloudless is the sky;
Beneath the mellow light
The birds their songs indite,
And lovers sigh,
O ho!

Come forth, sweet maid, and see
How blest the hours may be
When Luna smiles above;
If thou wilt list to me,
I'll pledge my troth to thee,
And breathe my love,
O ho!

Through moon-lit paths we'll stray
While I my love shall say,
And long for thy reply;
If words cannot repay
My fervent suit, then may
I hear thee sigh,
O ho!

A FIT OF THE BLUES.

"Now, if there's anything more than another I enjoy, it is a race—of course I mean a boat race, not the race human, for the latter has caused me so many disappointments that I don't quite take to its members, excepting the softer portion of it—the fair sex—bless their pretty little hearts—that is when they've got any—ahem!"

This was the substance of my soliloquy one bright August morning about 5 a. m., at which time the clouds were leaden hued, and the weather inclined to be spitefully unpropitious.

A knock at the door.

"Come in," says I, and Mary Swivel entered with a delicate pink note, saying:

"Please, sir, this was left late last night, with instructions to deliver it at once; but, as you had gone to bed, I kept it till morning."

How my heart palpitated at sight of the elegant massive, and how I longed to kiss—not Mary—but it—because my adorable Adela Poynter had written it.

"All right, Mary," I said, assuming an air of nonchalance I was far from feeling; "it's from Smith, I suppose. A cup of chocolate, please, and a few biscuits."

When Mary left I kissed the billet doux rapturously, exclaiming:

"My darling! I hold you to my lips. My own precious!"

So elated was I that I danced around the room in an insane way, making the glasses chink on the sideboard, and nearly dislodging the pictures, owing to the walls being made of lath and plaster.

Tenderly, gently I undid the envelope coaxing it open—not tearing it ruthlessly across as if it were a bill from a dunning tailor.

The epistle ran thus:

"DEAR TED—As soon as the shops in St. Paul's churchyard are open, I want you to get me some light-blue ribbon and a bouquet from Convent Garden, with plenty of forget-me-nots in it.

"Of course your steam yacht will be waiting at Putney, I can find my way on board.

"My cousin—Major O'Grady—will cicerone me.

"Mind, I particularly want that color. Whatever you do, don't make a fiasco of the day (as you did at the last Derby) or I'll never forgive you.

"Yours ever, ADELA."

Somehow I didn't like the allusion to the gallant Major, and heartily wished that she had not deputed me to undertake the task she assigned me.

But what was I to do? If Adela had one fault it was imperiousness; implicit obedience to her slightest wish was a sine qua non, and no one more than I knew this, as I had been snubbed repeatedly by her for shortcomings in that respect.

"Thank goodness," I murmured, "he's only a cousin—I'm not afraid of him cutting me out. He's a regular veteran, no doubt, with only one eye, half a leg, and a stump of an arm. I don't fear him as a rival—no, not I."

Hereupon I began humming, in a sarcastic way, "Let me like a soldier fall," and somehow my hand clenched itself mechanically, as if to suit the action to the word on the person of the absent Major.

"Fiasco, indeed!" I grunted, not liking the allusion to the last Derby.

Especially as Adela might, in one of her playful moods, relate it to the Major—how I began to hate all military men!—who of course being my niece, I felt a presentiment that he was—would twit me about the unfortunate contretemps.

Having taken you, gentle reader, into my confidence so far, it is only right I should open my heart to you, and allow you to judge of the little incident to which my adoraable Adela referred.

I was in the seventh heaven of delight when she consented to go to the Derby with me, thinking, of course, that we were to have a tete-a-tete drive, and talk of love, and so forth, like all lovers do (or at least should) under similiar circumstances.

But imagine my disgust when she sailed into my room, accompanied by a maiden aunt in green goggles, and a dog and her two sisters.

Of course, I expressed my delight at the unexpected influx to our party, and mounting the box of my drag, gave a silent sign to Adela, unobserved, I hoped, to take a seat by my side. The horses were a little mettlesome, and required my utmost attention at the moment.

How my heart fluttered with delight at the sound of the rustle of a lady's dress, and looking round with a tender smile, full of the light of love, what was my horror to find that it was the ancient in goggles, and not my darling Adela.

How long the road appeared to me although we went over the ground at a spanking pace.

In vain I tried to enter into conversation with my angelic Adela; my neck was nearly twisted in the attempt, while my face got as red as a peony with exertion.

The rude remarks that some of the lower orders made—the gentry who drove in donkey carts and green-grocer's vans—were quite shocking, all having reference to the elderly spinster at my side.

"Twig the old un's gig-lamps!" said one facetious costermonger.

While another bawled out:

"How kind of that 'ere gent to bring his granny out for a hairing!"

Luckily for Miss Askew she was very deaf, and didn't hear the uncomplimentary remarks, which, I am sorry to say, provoked sounds of suppressed merriment from the ruby lips of my Adela and her two sisters.

In vain I sought for an opportunity of getting ten minutes alone with my darling. Her aunt and sisters haunted us, and as they had come out to enjoy the day, and not to spoon, thought it no infliction upon me to pester me with questions and to ask to be ciceroned to all kinds of queer places.

Anybody that wanted two doses of my torture would be more than covetous; but my fertile brain hit upon a plan for circumventing the enemy, for such I deemed the ladies—excepting, of course, my adorable Adela, who really looked lovely in her light blue silk, which color she greatly affected, owing to her having won honors at the Cambridge examination for ladies.

I managed the matter splendidly by getting Adela and myself lost in a crowd just before the time for going home, and having instructed my groom what to do, felt that now I could enjoy myself with my own precious pet.

I led her up the downs, and we seated ourselves on a grassy mound, she protesting all the while that we ought to go in search of our party, but, of course, not meaning a word of what she said—women are so artful, you know.

I could have lingered on forever in that delicious spot, where fragrant turf made so nice a seat, and a delicious balmy air cooled the heat, while yellow gorse formed a pretty picture for the eyes to dwell upon.

I pressed my darling's hand, sighed, looked languishing, and was about to propose, when unearthly sounds caused us both to start to our feet, and there stood an aged donkey braying piteously only a few paces behind.

Adela burst into a merry peal of laughter, in which I, per force, had to join; but from that day to this I have religiously hated donkeys, human or otherwise.

Of course I, hypocrite that I was, expressed great concern when we discovered that my drag was gone—secretly, I was delighted; but "Be sure your sin will find you out," was a truism I was to illustrate by bitter experience.

To make a long story short, I consoled my adored Adela by taking two of the best seats on a hired drag, luckily paying our fares in advance.

At the first halt I had to procure my darling some sherry, she was so much upset by an accident she had witnessed.

It was a roadside inn and I had to push my way in through a dense crowd. I got what I required, and was coming out by slow degrees, as lawyers are said to get to heaven, when my hat was tilted over my eyes, and I received a not over gentle pat on the back of my head.

Naturally I put my hands up to save my deer stalker with its green vail, and thought no more of the incident until a little later on, when I missed my purse, watch and chain; in fact, I had been cleverly cleaned out of all my money and valuables.

This was the fiasco my dear Adela alluded to; so, having made a clean breast of the matter to you, gentle reader, I will go on with my further adventures.

Having breakfasted, I made myself look smart, and made my way on board my steam launch to see that everything was ready for the reception of Adela. Then I took train from Putney Bridge Station, and made my way to St. Paul's churchyard.

"Very sorry, sir," said an extremely polite shopman, "but we haven't any left. We have ordered more ribbon, though, and expect it in every moment. Please take a seat."

My precious pet had named the very establishment I was in so often in my hearing that I dare not go to any other for fear of incurring her displeasure.

To save time, however, I hailed a hansom and drove to Convent Garden Market where I purchased one of the finest bouquets that could be had for money, blue forget-me-nots forming the chief feature in it.

It was very late when I got back to Putney, only to find that no one was allowed to pass over the bridge, as the race was a very important regatta attended by great crowds.

In vain I argued with the policeman that, being a light weight, the structure ran no danger from my crossing it.

He was inexorable, although he pocketed my half crown with a grin that made me feel more than savage.

I looked through my opera-glasses, and saw the "Fairy," my steam launch, and distinctly made out Adela, by whose side was a handsome man, not at all a veteran, and evidedtly making himself very agreeable, judging by the way she smiled.

I pocketed the tell-tale glasses with a great big D, and went in search of a boat. But, as ill luck would have it, they were all at the Surrey-side of the river.

By dint of sundry signs, waving of pocket handkerchiefs, and violent gesticulations, I at last brought one to my aid.

The boatman piled it on; but, like another Richard, I would have swapped a kingdom for a horse, like the ass I was, so eager was I to get to my beloved.

I stood on the deck and what do you think I saw? Why, Adela wearing another bow and carrying a fine bouquet.

The gallant O'Grady held out a finger to welcome me; but, ignoring it, I said Adela.

"My darling, I have brought all you want. I think I deserve a kiss.

And eager to show the Major that I, although no soldier, was valiant where love was concerned, I—yes—actually kissed her before his very eyes. The next moment I was lifted up bodily and thrown overboard, with the awful words ringing in my ears:

"You scoundrel, how dare you kiss my wife?"

Dear reader, can you wonder that whenever I am invited to any boat-race on the river, having lost my Adela, I have "a fit of the blues?"

A FELLOW screws his courage to the sticking place when he puts a postage stamp on a written proposal of marriage.

The Toledo Blade.

One of the most curious of the old Spanish legends, is the one which is supposed to account for the extraordinary superiority of Toledan steel over that of the whole world. When the paladin Roland fell, wounded unto death on the gory battlefield of Roncesvaux, his famous sword, Durandal, became the prize of a Saracen soldier in the service of the Caliph of Burgos. Never was joy so great as when it became generally known among the Moors that their redoubtable foe, Roland, had departed from this material world forever, and that his no less renowned Durandal had fallen into their hands, and thus would never again be able to work the terrible havoc in their ranks that it had been wont to do.

The Caliph gave orders that a magnificent case should be prepared, in which he intended to deposit the sword and expose it to his subjects, who all knew of it, only too well, by fame. For had not many a father, son, husband, brother or uncle been sent off abruptly to another world, there to be welcomed by the celestial houris, by the long swing and heavy crash of that enchanted blade, wielded by the mighty arm of a dangerous enemy, who had escaped scathless from the fury and revenge of his bitter foes? All the greater holiday was the day to be looked upon on which they were all to be ocularly satisfied that the dreaded weapon had truly become their own.

Therefore a day and hour was appointed on which the sword should be formally put into its case for public inspection. The case which had been so carefully prepared, was gorgeoous with gold embellishments, and many rare and precious stones, mostly presented by the Caliph himself. On the appointed day he came in great state to receive the sword; taking it up with both his hands, he was about to place it in its case, when, with a loud cry of stupefaction, he stepped hurriedly back. Everybody was then able to notice that Durandal had escaped from his hands and was rapidly disappearing in the ground, working its way down as though it were a screw.

It is not an easy task to portray the confusion that reigned among the turbaned crowd; enough to say, the rushing to and fro was highly bewildering, and the imprecations loud and fearful. The swarthy warriors cursed and tore their beards, for Durandal could not be stopped or recovered. It had escaped them, and disappeared from their sight forever. For many a long year the sword remained underground, working its way all over the country, over mountains, down dales, and under the plains, causing strange upheavals and deeep cracks on its path, and keeping the poor people in a continual state of superstitious terror.

At length Durandal either got tired, or found a resting-place that suited it, and so gave up its erratic movements, to lie quietly concealed in the bed of a mountain spring of singularly bright and pure water, whose waters, flowing between the grassy banks and over a shingly bed, passed the proud city of Toledo. From that hour the spring acquired a marvellous virtue, which bestowed immortality on the fair Spanish town; for, owing to this water being used, the steel of Toledo was of the best, and the armorers were enabled to defy the rest of Christendom, if not Damascus itself.

The Sense of Taste.

In the higher animals, side by side with the evolution of a definite mouth, jaws, teeth, stomach and digestive and assimilative mechanism generally, the power of discriminating food has been specialized and localized in the tongue, at the very front of the alimentary canal. In each species of the animal, natural selection has insured that the nerves of the tongue should correctly in the main inform the animal what foodstuffs were desirable for it, and what were undesirable.

In the human species the gustatory tract has been divided by Professor Bain into three regions, each of which has its own special and proper functions to perform in the economy of tasting. The tip of the tongue is mostly supplied with nerves which are really rather nerves of touch than nerves of taste, and which are cognizant for the most part of pungent, acrid or saline bodies. Obviously this arrangement conduces to the greatest safety of the mouth and stomach. The very first thing we want to know about any substance which we think of swallowing is whether it is immediately destructive of the bodily tissues. Now, the nerves of touch distributed to the tip of the tongue instantly inform us on this important primary question. In tasting an unknown substance, indeed, we all of us instinctively try it beforehand by touching it very lightly with the tip of the tongue. If it is caustic, like vitriol, or pungent, like cayenne and mustard, or fiery, like spirits of wine, or warping, like borax or alum, the tip of the tongue instantaneously warns us that it is not a fitting substance to be swallowed wholesale. This chemical sensibility of the nerves of the tongue is only a modified form of the general chemical sensibility of the whole body. Mustard, made into a plaster, acts on the skin very much as it acts on the tongue, only less rapidly and less specifically. The warping effect of alkalies can be felt on any part of the body, and the fiery character of alcohol faintly affects the nerves of touch in the same manner as the nerves of taste. In short, the sensitiveness of the tongue in this respect is only an intensified form of the common sensitiveness of nerves generally.

When a substance has passed the first examination with the tip of the tongue, and has been pronounced harmless, it is handed over to the middle region, supplied with the nerves of taste proper. It is the special function of these nerves to discriminate between sweet and bitter objects, as well as between various tasty substances which we know distinctively as flavors. On the whole, it is clear that human beings like sweets—that the tongue responds favorably to the class of foods which contain sugar as a principal element. The reason for this strongly marked preference is probably to be found in the ancestral fruit-eating habits of our race. To our early arboreal progenitors fruits were of course almost the only sweet objects known; they had as yet no sugar factories, and they doubtless seldom tasted even honey in the honeycomb. Hence it was natural that the presence of sugar should come to be the instinctive test, as it were, for the edibility of whatever object they happened to come across. In our modern artificial condition, where we use sugar to excess, and often in too concentrated forms, taste alone no longer acts as a safe guide; as children we eat too many sweetmeats, and in adult life we have no digestions; but that is only because we have altered the natural conditions, and have separated the sugar from the other wholesome food with which it is usually combined under its original circumstances. On the other hand, almost all bitter substances in the vegetable world are known to be poisonous, and our repugnance to bitter tastes is thus due to the registered experience of countless generations of early human or prehuman ancestors.

The third and lowest region of the tongue is the one cognizant of pleasures and pains in immediate sympathy with the stomach. The feelings we experience in this part of our throats can scarcely be properly described as tastes; they are best characterized, in Professor Bain's well chosen language, as relishes and disgusts. When we have begun to chew a piece of wholesome beefsteak n healthy hunger, we are conscious of a certain pleasurable sensation as it reaches the back of the tongue which induces us to presevers with the action of swallowing, and finally commit it to the digestive apparatus. On the other hand, when we take a dose of codliver oil we are conscious, at the same stage in the proceedings, of a certain physical repulsion to the act of swallowing it; something seems to rise up instinctively in the throat which warns us that codliver oil is a remarkably difficult substance to digest and assimilate. The sensations thus experienced are purely premonitory to the effect of the food taken upon the stomach. Accordingly, they vary much, according to our state of health or appetite. However seasick we may be, pungent things are still pungent to us, acid things acid, bitter things bitter, and sweet things sweet. But meat, fat, oils, and so forth, produce effects very different from their ordinary results. The tastes discriminated by the lower part of the tongue are all of this character, and the things which find it most difficult to pass the final examination here are tainted or putrid meats, very rich or buttery dishes and other indigestible or bilious substances. Thus we may say roughly that the threshold of the mouth warns us against whatever will prove absolutely destructive to the tissues generally; the central region distinguishes between what is ordinary human food and what is poisonous or otherwise deleterious when taken internally, and the lower portion of the tongue and throat pronounces finally upon the digestibility and fitness for the stomach (in its passing condition) of the food which has successfully passed the two earlier preliminary examinations.

Paris Eating and Drinking.

At twelve o'clock in the day a strange quiet comes upon the streets. Paris is at breakfast—at least, that is what it is called—*dejeuner*. But the fast really had been broken four or five hours earlier with a cup of coffee and a piece of bread and butter—and business men and mechanics had gotten through with a considerable part of the day's work, before Paris had become fairly awake. One can work very well on a cup of good coffee for several hours.

Everybody breakfasts, (or, as we say, lunches,) at cafes—men, women and children. Very often the tables are set on the sidewalk. It is so at the costliest cafes, at the cheap ones, and so on down to the "Bouillons" and "Cremeries," where the poorest classes eat. Breakfast is taken very leisurely. It consists of soup, fish, meat, vegetables and wine.

The cooking in the good restaurant is most delicious. There is an artistic simplicity about the dishes—not a high seasoning—but a delicate opposition of elements, bringing out by simple means the natural flavors of the meats. Where there is a tenderloin, for example, it is cooked quite as simply as with us, because that is a flavor not to be improved; but when it is a neck of muttou, then the fine art of a cook shows out. I have never eaten tomatoes, or string-beans, or egg-plants, so delicious as they are here, each served as a separate course.

I am convinced that if a truly great Friench *chef* should come to Chesapeake Bay and make a study of our terrapins, our wild ducks and our Bay mackerel, he would cook them all simply as we do; but I think he would cook our soft crabs, our trout and sheepshead, and our oysters and clams in a style that would make us dissatisfied with the old methods.

The almost universal accompaniment of *dejeuner* is wine. It is usually diluted with water or seltzer in syphons, and taking too much wine at that meal is almost unheard of. I have walked the streets of the city from the Batignolles to Bercy, and from the Bois de Boulogne to Bellville and the abbattoirs, and I have never yet seen a drunken person in Paris. Of course there are such things, and in the low braxeries, men, and women, too, may be seen sitting at the tables with poisonous-looking stuff in front of them. Still, the fact that in nine days' walking I have seen no one drunk, goes far to show that drunkenness is not so common here as it is in English and American cities.

General Hancock.

This eminent soldier is at least six feet tall and carries his weight without awkwardness. His mustache is almost white, also his hair, and his complexion is flored; making him altogether a distinguished looking man. General Hancock's manners are as attractive as his appearance. He has the most genial way with him, and is gifted with that very neccessary quality in a public man, the faculty of remembering names and faces.

New French Fortifications.

The new French military frontier is to the old one what the repeating-rifle is to the flint-lock musket. During the war of 1870 the border was defended only by two or three first-class forts, and some fortresses of the second rank, built at hap hazard before the idea of girdling the country with a chain of strong places had been conceived. Now, thanks to the genius of her engineers, and an unstinted expenditure, France is, perhaps, even more thoroughly and scientifically defended than Germany herself.

The first line of defence runs before Metz (the Germans would say behind), along the course of the Moselle, in itself a serious obstacle, and, by means of the entrenched camp of Toul, is practically continued to the Meuse. The right bank of the latter river is formed by a chain of hills, known as the Cotes de Meuse, on which have been built a series of forts with crossed fire, and these, supported at one extremity by the Camp of Toul, and at the other by the Camp of Verdun, render the line exceedingly strong and ill to break. As, owing to the vicinity of Metz and the nearness of Paris, this region is considered particularly dangerous, all the roads and bridges are barred by "works of art," some of them so strong that they could only be taken after a regular siege. Taking this route to the capital, an invading host, marching from the East would be forced to swerve either to the right or to the left. If they adopted the former alternative they would have to cross successively two rivers, the Aire and the Aisne, and the hilly and wooded country of the Argonne, the latter very easy to defend, even against superior numbers. This done, they will find themselves before the second line of defense, formed by the entrenched camps of Rheims and Laon. If, on the other hand, the invading General should decide to operate to his left, he would have to pass, as through a defile, between the entrenched camps of Toul and of Epinal. Advancing further in the same direction, he would encounter the two strong places of Langres and Dijon, the one barring the road to Paris, the other forbidding acccess to Lyons and the South. It is no longer possible, as it was in 1870, for an enemy to slip in through the gap of Belrort between the Vosges Mountains and the Swiss frontier, for the gap is now occupied by an entrenched camp supported on the north by Epinal and on the south by Montbeliard. Behind this formidable fence come the strong places of Langres, Dijon, and Bensancon. Together with the frontier forts of the Jura, and the entrenched camps of Belfort and Epinal, these works form a vast pentagon, at whose either angle is placed a fortification of the first order, with which, think French engineers, no enemy, except in numbers utterly overwhelming, will attempt to engage. Nor is this all. After the invader has subdued or masked all these places, he would have to count with the numerous detached forts that, besides rendering Paris almost impregnable, cover the north and west of France, and the equally formidable ramparts of Lyons, covering the valley of the Rhone and the south. The issues of the Graian Alps are guarded by Grenoble, the works on the Isere and the forts of Briancon. On the side of Belgium, the border is defended by Dunkirk, Lille, and Valenciennes, all enlarged and modernized; on the side of Italy by the old Alpine forts, and in the second line by the new works lately constructed at Nice and Toulon.

Done at Night.

The owner of a place on Sibley street Detroit, appeared in front of the house recently with a step-ladder and a saw and began the work of trimming up his shade trees. While he was at the first limb a pedestrian halted and queried:

"Going to trim your trees, eh?"

"Yes."

"Um. I see. First-rate time to trim trees. Um. Exactly."

He hadn't got two squares away before number two came along and called out:"

"Going to trim your trees, eh?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I see. Ought to have waited a month later."

The limb was off when No. 3 halted, stood for a minute with his hands in his pocket and then asked:

"Going to trim your trees, eh?"

"Yes."

"Ought to have done that last month."

No. 4 said that April was the proper month. No. 5 wouldn't trim a tree except in May. No. 6 thought November the best time of the year, and so it went until every month in the year had been named and there werve five or six individuals to spare. Before the first tree was finished the seventeenth pedestrian halted, threw away the stub of his cigar and loudly demanded:

"Going to trim your trees, eh?"

The man hung his saw to a limb, got down off the ladder and spitting on his hands he walked close up to the inquirer and said:

"Supposing I am! What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, nothing," answered the other as he dodged around a pile of brick; "I was simply going to ask you if you used tar or porous plasters to cover the scars?"

The citizen got his saw and ladder and disappeared in the house, and the remainder of the work will be done at night.

On the Sea Floor.

It is now believed that the denudations of the land do not cover the sea-floor further than 300 miles seaward. These deposits are four miles deep in places. Far at sea its surface is covered with very small "shell animals." There is a patch of them in the north Atlantic 1,300 miles long and several hundred miles wide. Their shells finally sink to the bottom and form chalk. In the great abyss of the ocean, however, these shells dissolve before they reach the bottom. Here the only addition to the sea-floor is made of wrecks, iceberg-washings, dust, carried by the wind, pumice from the volcanoes, and meteoric stones. The pumice has floated until it has become waterlogged. The color of the deep sea-floor is red. The accretion is infinitely slow.

The Vehmgericht.

During the rule of Henry in his fathers' German possessions, Archbishop Englebert revived in the See of Cologne, forming part of the Duchy of Westphalia, a mysterious tribunal called the Vehmgericht, meaning according to the old German words from which the term is derived, a court of justice. The remote origin of these courts has been attributed to Charlemagne, who is said by a doubtful tradition to have established them as a means to prevent the relapse of the Saxons into Paganism. However this may have been, the Vehmgericht began to acquire great importance under rule of Frederick II, though during his absence in Italy. It was principally directed against the tyranny of the feudal barons, whom the ordinary courts of justice failed to restrain. The greatest power of the Vehmgericht was not until a later period, when even the Emperors sometimes had recourse to this secret tribunal for counteracting the power of rebellious nobles; but it was during the viceroyalty of Henry that the court first attained a position of importance. The members of the Vehmgericht were called Schoppen, and were divided into "ordinary" and "initiated" members. The former were empowered to decide civil causes at a public court held three times a year. The latter also held an open court, before which the accused was summoned to appear. If he declined or neglected, sentence was passed on him in his absence by the secret tribunal, which was composed wholly of the initiated. This court consisted of the Archbishop of Cologne, and of nobles, sheriffs and executive officers; in later times the Emperor himself presided. The secrecy of the proceedings when the accused failed to appear in open court was perhaps necessary, as a means of protecting the judges from private revenge; but its tendency was to bring the Vehmgericht into hatred and abhorrence, and it cannot be doubted that the mystery of the proceedure often covered acts of substantial injustice. Nevertheless it is a mistake to suppose that the Vehmgericht was a mere association of assassins. The court usually sat in the episcopal palace of Cologne, and seems to have been a legal tribunal, though operated in ways contrary to the spirit of impartial justice.

Middleburg, Holland.

There was a constant fascination in and about the old town hall for me. The outside is very perfect, from doorscraper to the gold weather cock. Built by a Burgundian architect in 1468, it is more French than Flemish or Dutch in character. All the butcher's stalls in one corner of the building, the set-out of the meat, the chopping blocks and hooks, and the general arrangements of the place give one a perfect picture of the shambles and flesher's stalls of the late fifteenth century. The inside of the building; I grieve to say, has not quite escaped the demon of modern improvement. The fine old Council chamber, however, has been preserved pretty much in its original form. They do say that the sketch for the council chamber scene in "The Bells," as played at the Lyceum, was taken from this very quaint old room. Holland is very rich in old council chambers, and there are few finer than this and the one at Veere or rather than the Veere one was before they took down the bronze hands. There is a most interesting museum in this Middleburg Town Hall, filling several rooms, mostly with objects connected with the history of Zeeland. There are, among other things, the grand old feasting batteries of the various guilds and corporations; tankards and beakers and dishes of gold and silver; plates and trenchers of pewter and quaint old delft; goblets of glass of Venice and Bohemia; corporation seals, medals and badges; flags, banners and pennons; warlike weapons of every period; old instruments of music; books, parchments and views of old towns; plans and maps; pictures of pageants and ceremonies, many of them showing by-gone festivals at this same old burg. But most interesting to us were the several fine old guild and corporation pictures, some on the same scale and in manner of treatment as those that Frans Hals and Van der Heist painted so gloriously years after these were done. These have a certain charm of grim sincerity and naivete which the others, with all their magisterial grandeur, lack. The portraits of the leading worthies in the guilds of Wine Coopers and Wine Merchants are most vigorous, and "personal" in the last degree to every detect or merit of the originals.

Salaries of American Foreign Ministers.

While it is true that our diplomatic service is to a great extent an asylum in which decayed statesmen and Congressmen who have failed to secure a re-election find employment, it is a great mistake to think that our diplomatic representatives abroad are well paid. For example, this country has four first-class missions, England, France, Germany and Russia, and the ministers to these nations get each $17,500. England pays her minister here $30,000; to France, $50,000; to Germany, $35,000; to Russia, $39,000, and to Turkey $40,000 each per annum. We have seven second missions, the salaries of which are $12,000 a year, viz: Austria, Brazil, China, Japan, Italy, Spain and Mexico. England pays her minister to Austria, $40,000; to Brazil, $20,000; to China, $30,000; to Japan, $20,000; to Italy, $35,000; to Spain, $25,000. There are no diplomatic relations between England and Mexico. Three ministries of the United States are worth $10,000, that of the five consolidated Central American States, Peru and Chili. Nine pay the incumbents $7,500 each. They are the Argentine Republic, Columbia, Hayti, Sandwich Islands, Venezuela, Belgium, the Netherlands, Sweden and Norway and Turkey. Lord Dufferin, the English Minister at Constantinople, receives $40,000 per annum, while General Lew Wallace, who is the representative of the United States, only receives $7,500, and the last Congress deprived him of his dragoman by refusing to continue the appropriation for that personage's salary. Who wonder's that our diplomats cut rather insignificant figures at European courts.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

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WHO INVENTED TELEPHONES?

Something of the Great Contest Now Going—Sketch of Daniel Drawbaugh of Cumberland County.

The argument in the case involving the invention of the telephone between Daniel Drawbaugh, a carpenter up in Cumberland valley, and the Alexander Graham Bell telephone company, now going on in the United States circuit court, in New York city, promises to occupy from ten days to two weeks. Among the attorneys employed are ex-Senator Conkling for the plaintiff and Senator Edmunds for the defense. The point on which the case turns is priority of invention. If the defendants should win the market will be flooded with telephones. Drawbaugh has fifteen or twenty patents in addition to that for which he made application in 1880 and which will remain in abeyance until the present suit is decided. The decision of the court in which the case is now being argued is likely to end the matter, as an immense amount of money is involved. It is estimated that the profits on the telephone business of the country are equal to six per cent. on one hundred millions of dollars. Though the People's telephone company was organized in 1880, it has done no business yet. In view of a possible victory it has sold territorial rights to six companies, which cover the country from Maine to California. Over four hundred witnesses have been examined in this case, which has already been going on for four years. The testimony taken fills seven large volumes. Daniel Drawbaugh, in the course of his examination, answered 1,759 questions. It is said that he proved "a perfect wonder" in the opinion of the defendants. Drawbaugh has been living for half a century in the village of Eberly's Mills, in the Cumberland valley, and although nominally a carpenter, he was really "a Jack of all trades." By his friends he was laughingly called a genius, by his enemies a fool. By the community at large he was considered "cranky." Oblivious of all comment he pottered away, in his little shop, doing whatever odd jobs were brought to him, and in his spare moments devoting his attention to matters which were beyond the ken of his neighbors, and therefore considered worthless. The insignificance of his personal appearance was redeemed by the eyes and forehead of a man of brains. He was very poor. He was continually inventing useful articles by which others, possessed of less skill but more shrewdness, profited. He invented a pump, a faucet, a stave-making machine, an electric clock, and other articles. His inability to profit by his numerous inventions was due to a lack of means. He could find no one with enough confidence in his chemical schemes, as they were considered, to advance any capital. Suddenly he emerged from his obscurity, and to-day is the principal figure in a suit which is attracting general attention.

MISCHIEF IS WROUGHT

by bad cooking, tough meats, late hours, business worries, irregular livers, sour dispositions, evil digestion and impure blood. Much of this mischief can be overcome by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic ever made. Mrs. Emilie Crawford, Reidsville, Ga., writes, "After trying Brown's Iron Bitters we are persuaded that it is all that it claims to be, a good and reliable tonic." Thousands of others speak in a like manner.

MOTOR KEELY SCORES A TRIUMPH.

Inventor Keely seems to have scored one triumph by proving the power of his etheric force as applied to gunnery. The experiments at Sandy Hook, last Saturday, were eminently successful, the five-hundred-pound gun charged with the mysterious vapor, propelling a half pound ball 300 yards, and driving it through a three-inch plank, and halfway through another. Mr. Keely supplied the "etheric force" from cylinders which he had charged with it at his Philadelphia workshop. He says that the cylinders were loaded in almost four seconds, that the etheric force was obtained by "vibration from six drops of water and a pint of air, two mediums of different specific gravity," from which, under generation, is evolved the tremendous "inter-automic ether." In six weeks time he promises, as he has often promised before, to take out his patents, and let the world see his famous motor in operation. The United States Government had sent several military officers to watch the trial. Colonel Hamilton, of Fort Hamilton, said, after the shooting:

"I do not know what it is, but whether it is a new force, or a new application of an old force, it is very wonderful. It resembles no form of compressed air that I have ever known, and it does not answer to the test of carbonic acid. Why our Government does not investigate this matter, or why those whose duty it is to move, do not move, I do not know. It is wonderful. I have never before seen any power which could be drawn upon for the energy necessary to hurl those nineteen shots that did not show some sensible diminution. Whoever would condemn such a thing as this without investigation is a fool. But I have, with all deference to Mr. Keely, to say that I regret that he does not bear in mind that his life is uncertain, as is the life of all men, and give this great discovery in its entirety to the world. It is his duty."

LOGAN ON THE MULLIGAN LETTERS.

Logan closed a speech on the Blaine-Mulligan letters with the following peroration:

Them letters don't amount to nothing. There isn't any thing in it, and they does not affect Blaine's character a bit with any true Republican who wants to see our home industry protected. Them letters can't do no harm to James G. Blaine, and if Mulligan was a man of honor he wouldn't never have published them. Thank fortune we have a cand idate who can write letters that is fit to go to the public. There aren't no letters to publish from Cleveland because he can't write none,—and you working men don't you ferget it. There aren't a word or a syllable in them Mulligan letters but what are consistent with Republican practices. [Great applause.] They form a platform broad enough for Dorsey and Robeson, and Chandler and the rest of us to stand on and live. These is facts hat no man can't deny. [Cheers.]

HOW GUN BARRELLS ARE MADE.

The beautiful waved lines and curious flower-like figures that appear on the surface of the barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different metals, iron and steel, are intimately blended in making the finest and strongest barrels. The process of thus welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one. Flat bars, or ribbons, of steel and iron are alternately arranged together and then twisted into a cable. Several of these cables are then welded together and shaped into a long, flat bar, which is next spirally coiled around a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel; after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded. The spiral coil is now put upon what is called a welding mandrel, is again heated, and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores of the metal are securely closed. The last, or finishing operation is to turn the barrel on a lathe to exactly its proper shape and size. By all the twistings and weldings and hammerings the metals are so blended that the mass has somewhat the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron. A barrel thus made is very hard to burst. But the finishing of the inside of the barrel is an operation requiring very great care and skill. What is called a cylinder-bored barrel is where the bore or hole through the barrel is made of uniform size from end to end. A choke-bore is one that is a little smaller at the muzzle end than it is at the breech end. There are various ways of "choking" gun barrels, but the object of all methods is to make the gun throw its shot close together with even and regular distribution and with great force. There are several kinds of metalic combinations that gunmakers use, the principal of which are called Damascus, Bernard, and laminated steel; the Damascus barrels are generally considered the best.

CARVING IVORY AND BONE.

All the curiously carved handles which are so fashionable, and the quainter that are sought after, are shaped upon a series of rapidly revolving wheels, ranging from an eighth to three inches in diameter, and which are a cross between a file and a saw upon their cutting surface. Ivory and bone are carved in precisely the same manner, the only difference in the handling of the two being that bone has to boiled a long while to free it from animal matter before it goes to the carver, whilst ivory is clean and pure from the start.

When it is desired to produce any object in bone or ivory, an umbrella handle with a couched tiger upon it for instance, the carver takes a piece of the material of suitable size, and presses it against one of the wheels described above. At the point of contact it cuts with amazing rapidity. Soon the shapeless block begins to assume the rough outlines of the object intended. The lathe is then stopped, which requires but an instant, and another, probably a smaller wheel, is substituted. In this way a dozen wheels may be used before the final finish is given with a delicate disc, a little larger than a pin's head; but when the work leaves the deft fingers of the skillful worker a perfect miniature of the royal native of the jungle is seen. The only remaining thing to be done is polishing, which is accomplished by means of canvas belts with pumice upon them: and finally, by canton flannel belts or wheels.

Many people suppose that billard balls are turned by means of some exquisitely adjusted machinery, in order to secure their spherical perfection. The exquisite machinery is the eye and hand of the artisan. The writer saw a gray-haired workman turn several billiard balls, and the only tool he used was an ordinary turner's chisel. His eye was his gauge.

"THE DIRTY BOY."

"The Dirty Boy" was the greatest *coup* in the way of advertising ever made by the great soap-manufacturing firm of Pears—at least so Mr. Barrett, one of the partners, told a visitor the other day. Focardi, he said, was a poor Italian sculptor. He happened one day to be in Preston, a grimy, smoky Lancashire town. He was lodging in an obscure quarter, casting about for work. One morning he rang for his breakfast—once, twice—but no answer came. Again he pulled the bell, and again with the same result. He was rather angry at this inattention to his comforts, and rushed down stairs to see about it. He passed an open door, when, lo! what struck him? A gnarled old woman fiercely scrubbing a very dirty boy, who squirmed under the rough usage, and screwed up his eyes and his mouth to keep out the soap! "Drat the boy!" said the old lady. "Stand still, do! Will he never come clean?" The rage of the breakfastless sculptor turned to delight. Here was a subject for his chisel, and it was soon arranged that these two should sit to him. Some difficulty was at first experienced to hit the expression on the boy's face, but this was done by the application of buckets of cold water thrown in his face and a stray soap-sud. The firm gave £500 for the marble. It has been the most profitable investment they ever made.

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies, all is darkness.

Cure for Croup.—Use Dr. Thoma's Electric Oil according to directions. It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of colds, pain and inflamation and injuries.

On Thursday last Mr. John Klingaman, an aged and much respected citizen of West Buffalo twp., died. He was probably the oldest male citizen in this section, his age being 92 years, 6 months, 3 days. He was a soldier of the war of 1812 and drew a pension. His occupation was that of a tailor and he only gave up the needle four years ago. His funeral took place on Sunday last, the sermon being preached by his old pastor, Rev. J. G. Anspach, in the Lutheran church of this place, the attendance being very large. The remains were burried in the Mifflinburg cemetery.—Mif. *Telegraph*, 1st inst.

EMINENT PHYSICIANS

connected with the principal hospitals throughout the United States report very gratifying and satisfactory results from the use of McDonald's Great Blood Purifyer in all cases of vitiated blood, emaciated condition, enfeebled digestive power, malassimilation of food, etc. But few diseases can withstand its remarkable purifying tonic, and reconstructive power.

Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. For sale by J. D. Murray. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents. 1o2

An average of fifteen icebergs pass St. John's, New Foundland, daily, going south in the track of the ocean steamers. The seas on the coast of Labrador are strewn with wreckage from the late hurricanes. Conception Bay looks like a miniature Polar Sea.

James Bruce, colored, has eloped from New Brighton with Josephine Viney, aged 20, and Lizzie Penn, aged fifteen, also colored. Bruce was a coachman at New Brighton, and having read of recent numerous elopements in which coachmen figured, concluded that he would discount them by taking two girls.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

		WESTWARD.			
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		11 20	p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 20	a m
"	"	Montandon		5 45	a m
"	"	Williamsport		7 25	a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 57	a m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 25	a m
"	"	Renovo		9 45	a m
"	arr at	Erie		6 00	p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30	a m
"	"	Harrisburg		8 10	a m
"	"	Montandon		10 39	a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 45	a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 45	p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia		7 40	a m
"	"	Harrisburg		11 25	a m
"	"	Montandon		1 32	a m
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 35	p m
"	"	Lock Haven		3 35	p m
"	"	Renovo		5 00	p m
"	"	Kane		9 25	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at				5 05	p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia		11 10	p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 25	p m
"	"	Montandon		5 50	p m
"	"	Williamsport		7 10	p m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 05	p m
"	arr at	Renovo		9 15	p m
		EASTWARD.			
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven		7 00	a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 29	a m
"	"	Williamsport		8 10	a m
"	"	Montandon		9 20	a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		11 30	a m
"	"	Philadelphia		3 15	p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane		6 00	a m
"	"	Renovo		10 05	a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 15	a m
"	"	Williamsport		12 35	p m
"	"	Montandon		1 36	p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		5 48	p m
"	"	Philadelphia		7 25	p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie		1 55	p m
"	"	Renovo		10 40	p m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 45	p m
"	"	Williamsport		1 00	a m
"	"	Montandon		2 05	a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		4 20	a m
"	"	Philadelphia		7 50	a m
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo		3 40	p m
"	"	Williamsport		6 35	p m
"	"	Lock Haven		5 00	p m
"	"	Montandon		7 49	p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		10 25	p m
"	"	Philadelphia		3 05	a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Westward.

	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon.....	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar..	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv..	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground...	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl.....	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg.....	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg.....	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont.....	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton.....	8.33			3.40	
Coburn.....	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

Leave Eastward.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M.
Spring Mills		5.50			1.50
Coburn.....		6.18			2.20
Laurelton....		7.30			3.40
Milmont.....		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg...		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl.....		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25		8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar. 5.40		ar. 9.10	ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT

—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX—

PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing; Navy Clippings, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? 6aug y.

Steam

Bending Shops.

AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent hounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

11oct y J. B. REAM & SON.

Millheim Planing Mill.

Furnishes and Keeps on Hand

SASH, DOORS.

FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,

SIDING, SHUTTERS

BLINDS.

MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,

STAIR-RAILING,

&c., &c., &c., &c.

Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

23jl1y ISRAEL CONFER & SON

—DINGES—

I am now prepared to furnish my friends and the public in general with Groceries, Dry-Goods, Notions and all goods embraced in general Merchandise at lower prices than ever offered before in Centre Hall. I pay Cash and sell for Cash, and therefore claim I can do better for you than any one else is doing. Give me a trial.

PRODUCE WANTED.

SAW MILLS *supplied with Provisions at special rates.*

Very truly,

C. DINGES.

NEW SHOE STORE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A VERY FINE SELECTION OF

Boots, Shoes and Slippers,

OR ANYTHING ELSE IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE, SELLING AT UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS. HIS STOCK IS THE

Largest Best and Cheapest,

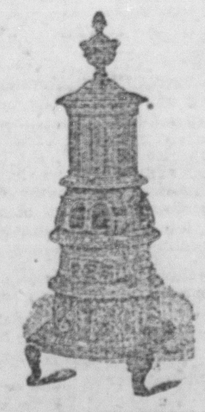
EVER BEFORE KEPT IN CENTRE HALL. CALL AND SEE. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, IN THE HOTEL BUILDING.

JOHN MULLEN,

23apr1y Centre Hall, Pa.

Centre Hall

STOVE EMPORIUM



J. A. REESMAN

HAS JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT OF STOVES IN THE COUNTY.

Nickel Plated and Plain, Ranges, Coal Stoves, Heaters,

AND EVERY STYLE OF STOVE, LARGE AND SMALL, PLAIN AND FANCY, AT ALL PRICES, AND IN TRUTH

The Cheapest Stoves

IN THE COUNTY. HIS PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM, SO THAT IT WILL PAY NO ONE TO PURCHASE STOVES ELSEWHERE.

☞CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF oct1tf

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics. We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

Cloths and Cashimeres.

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,

WM. WOLF & SON.

SECOND-HAND

ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "

THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS,

23ap tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

New Store.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE, OILS AND PAINTS, GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES. COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS, EVERYTHING KEPT IN A WELL REGULATEL STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

Whitmer & Lincoln

HAVING LEASED THE GRAIN-HOUSE OF SMITH & CO., at COBURN, PENN'A, FOR A TERM OF YEARS ARE PREPARING TO PAY CASH FOR

WHEAT. WHEAT, WHEAT, RYE, RYE, RYE, BARLEY and CORN, &c.

COAL, SALT & FERTILIZER For Sale

Coburn, Pa., August 1, '84. 6aug3m

HARDWARE. HARDWARE. HARDWARE

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO. JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

—ARE SELLING—

REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools, RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE & BLOCKS SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE. TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

JAS. HARRIS & CO.

STEWART'S IRON-FIBER

PAINT and CEMENT.

—COLORS RED AND BROWN,—

All Ready for Use.

For painting BUILDINGS, FENCES, BRIDGES, ROOFS, &c., and for repairing and preserving ROOFS of all kinds. Guaranteed to be more durable and economical than any other paint or cement made. Send for circular to

W. H. STEWART,

3sep3m 74 Courtland St., N. Y.

WANTED! Energetic, reliable men to sell Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. SALARIES and expenses paid. Experience not essential. Full instructions given and personal care. Address, LE CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. One mile east of Rochester.

Cards—Attorneys

J. H. ORVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. BELLEFONTE, PA. Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. nov26

JOHN BLAIR LYON, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb tf

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

J. L. SPANGLER. C. P. HEWES. SPANGLER & HEWES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN'A. Special attention to collections; practice in all the courts; Consultation in German and English

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower. ALEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN KLINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7m'y84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

Dentists.

DR G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14nov

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 23june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

CENTRE HALL HOTEL. D. J. MEYER, Prop'r. FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM. Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE. On L. & T. R. R. FINE SUMMER RESORT. Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality. TERMS REASONABLE. J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA may1

J. C. BOAL, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer, Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., BELLEFONTE, PENN'A. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO., CENTRE HALL, PA. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. WM. WOLF, President W. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

BOND VALENTINE, Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission; Insures First-class Life Companies, " " Life and Accident Companies, " " Fire Companies. German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2jany

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer In DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c DRUGS

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Cleveland** By Chauncy F. Black, Lieutenant Governor of Penn'a. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Democratic party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; revenue reform; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Hendricks.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest, and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once. THAYER, MERRIAM & CO., 633 Arch St., Philadelphia. 6aug10t

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, Druggist. 11jun tf

The Coming President.

WANTED, one or two Ladies or Gentlemen of undoubted reference and character, willing to work eight hours per day for a six months' engagement, as Traveling Agents for "The Lives and Graves of our Presidents," to every subscriber of which book WILL BE GIVEN FREE "The Lives of the Four Candidates." Why pay from $2 to $4 for the Lives of the Candidates when you can get it free? First applicants get choice of positions. Good pay to the right party. Address, giving name of reference,

HILL & HARVEY PUBLISHING CO.,
16ju3m 55 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md

PENNSYLVANIA

STATE COLLEGE.

Fall Term begins September 10, 1884.
Examination for admission, September 9.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts, combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address

GEO. W. ATHERTON, President,
1yjan9 State College, Centre Co., Pa

WATCH
THE KIDNEYS.

They are the most important secretory organs. Into and through the Kidneys flow the waste fluids of the body, containing poisonous matter taken out of the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained, the whole system becomes disordered and the following symptoms will follow: Headache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. You can thoroughly protect the Kidneys by BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, and when any of these symptoms manifest themselves you can quickly rid yourself of them by this best of all medicines for the Kidneys. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS are sold everywhere at $1 per bottle, and one bottle will prove their efficacy.

FOR
HELP Women MEN
WHO ARE **NERVOUS** AND
LACK VITAL ENERGY.

The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weaknesses, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without dragging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards. Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.

AMERICAN GALVANIC CO.,
1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING
NEW HOME
Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
HAS NO EQUAL. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY

J. Q. A. Kennedy, Centre Hall, Ag't.

THE DUTIES OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Correspondence with the Queen by letter is one of the Prime Minister's regular and almost daily duties. When there has been an important division or debate in Parliament, and members are hastening home tired, to bed, the Premier alone can take no rest until he has written to the Queen his official report of the proceedings. These letters are couched in the third person: "Mr. Gladstone presents his duty to your Majesty, &c.," and Her Majesty's replies, usually dictated to a secretary, also run in the third person. Though never discursive, they are not mere formal acknowledgments, but often enter succinctly into the question at issue. The Queen devotes several hours every morning to the study of state business; and her time is no longer wasted now as it was during the first twenty-five years of her reign by having to sign all commissions for the Army and Navy. In 1863 an Act relieved her of this tedious task. She was in that year still engaged in signing the commissions of the year 1858. The Queen receives copies of all despatches sent to diplomatic envoys and colonial governors. She had to insist on this against Lord Palmerston in the early period of her reign, and there has never been any question since of her rights to peruse and amend documents that are to be issued in her name. The first drafts of Parliamentary bills are likewise submitted to her; and at the beginning and end of every session the speech which she is to deliver either in person or by commission is discussed before her in a Privy Council, paragraph by paragraph. Pretty frequently the Queen has suggested alterations in these speeches; and on one occasion, at the close of the session of 1858, she altogether objected to the version set before her, and commanded the Premier, Lord Derby, to draw up another. Formerly pardons and the minutiæ of military affairs engrossed the Sovereign's time to an enormous extent. Without parting with her precious prerogative of pardoning, the Queen has delegated its exercise in ordinary cases to the Home Secretary, and she is thus free from the dilemma which beset her predecessors of having to read a quantity of painful criminal reports or of reproaching themselves for leaving this work undone. In military matters again, though the Queen takes a whole-hearted interest in the Army and in its operations no matter where, she has freely surrendered much of her direct control over it, for the sake of its greater efficiency. The Duke of Wellington's advice to her, "Keep the command of the Army, ma'am," was not very practical.

EVIL USE OF MORPHINE.

The time is ripe for a crusade against morphine. As the narcotic is chiefly used by women, it will be proper for men to go forth in singing and praying bands, beseeching woman to stop the horrid practice and druggists to cease from selling the preparation to confirmed morphine inebriates. But whatever be the best method of combating the evil, the course of habitual indulgence in morphine and opium is making its brand upon society. Sometimes contracted during illness, sometimes taken up to abate a longing for intoxicating liquors, sometimes adopted to allay nervous suffering, the deadly habit seldom deserts its victim. The sufferers from narcotism through the use of these drugs may be numbered by tens of thousands. Every druggist has them among his customers. Many of them steal into the drug stole with a cautious look, as if they feared they might be watched or their purpose would be read before they disclosed it; and others impart the business as a confidential one, or often attempt to convey the impression that the narcotic is for another person. Nothing is more marked than the injurious effect which the practice exerts upon the moral faculties. The doses these wretched people learn to bear are sufficient to kill an ordinary person, and the quality is increased from month to month until the suicidal work is completed. The fatal effect of familiarity with the forms of opium often appears in a startling way when persons addicted to opium-eating prescribe their beloved medicine for others.

PAPER TOWELS.

In a Philadelphia surgical dispensary a prominent physician has been using with much satisfaction Japanese paper handkerchiefs for drying wounds. Sponges are so seldom and with such difficulty perfectly cleansed after being once used that they are never employed in the hospital. Ordinary cotton or linen towels are much preferable to sponges, which, if dirty, are liable to introduce septic material into the wounds. The paper towels, however, answer the same purpose as cotton ones, and are so cheap that they can be thrown away after being used. The cost of washing a large number of ordinary towels is thus avoided. The paper towels are scarcely suitable for drying hands, after washing, unless several towels are used at once, because a large amount of moisture on the hands soon saturates a single towel. For removing blood from wounds, a paper towel is crumpled up into a sort of ball, and then used as a sponge. Such balls absorb blood rapidly. The crude ornamental pictures, in color, on the towels are of no advantage, nor are they, so far as known, any detriment.

New fall stock—Garmans.
Everything new—Garmans.
Nobby line of hats—Garmans.

BURNS AND SKIN-GRAFTING.

Burns are a great source of trouble to the surgeon in many ways. For instance, if a burn is very extensive, there may be great difficulty in getting a cicatrice to form over the whole of it. Cicatrization only begins in the immediate neighborhood of living epidermis, and therefore a burn or ulcer must heal from the circumference to the centre. But the further that the cicatricial tissue extends from the margin of the burn, the more imperfectly is it formed; and indeed it may fail altogether to reach the centre. This difficulty has often been met by a small operation called skin-grafting. A piece of sound skin about the size of a split pea is pinched up—say, on the outside of the arm—and the epidermis snipped off with a pair of curved scissors, just going deep enough to cut slightly into the skin and draw a little blood. A special kind of scissors has been intented for the purpose that will only take up just the right amount of skin, so that the operation is thus made even simpler still; and if it is skillfully performed it causes only very trifling pain. The little fragment of skin thus separated is then placed gently, with its raw surface downward, on the unheated surface of the burn. The same thing is repeated again and again till there are many grafts, if the burn is a large one. Isinglass plaster or some other similar material is employed to keep the grafts in position and preserve them from injury. In about four days they should have taken root, and then they covering can be removed. There is now a number of foci from which cicatrization can start; for, as before said, it will begin from where there is an epidermal covering, and thence alone. After a time a number of little islands of scar tissue may be seen, which go on increasing until at length they coalesce with one another and also join that extending from the margin of the burn. This is what happens if all goes well; but, unfortunately, there is a very great tendency for a cicatrice formed from grafts to break down and disappear, so that the result is not by any means always so satisfactory as it at first promises to be.

WOMEN IN CALIFORNIA.

Says the Nebraska State *Journal:* A young lady friend of these topics writes back from California: "I want to expose a fraud. You know the newspapers have been for years telling about the great preponderance of men over women in this section; how many rich bachelors there are, and how impossible it is for a girl to stay anywhere over twenty-four hours without an offer of marriage. Indeed, one paper said that every pretty girl held a continual levee, in which suitors took turns, the same as a barber shop. Now, I have been here six months, and I want to denounce such statements as frauds. There are more men here than women, it is true; but in my judgment goes for anything, the most of them have run away and come out here to have a quiet, peaceful time, away from the pestiferous sex that has caused their woes. A woman is of less consequence here than anywhere in the world. The Chinese do most of the washing, and house-keeping, and work at about the same wages that girls and women would find necessary. There is mighty little marrying and giving in marriage here. The men don't seem to be anxious about it, and the girls are so well up to snuff that they won't encourage a man till they know all about his former life and make sure he hasn't a surplus wife or two somewhere East. Oh, no; this is no place for a girl who wants to marry, and I'm coming back to Nebraska this fall."

MEXICAN EXPRESS RUNNERS.

All through the interior of the country at almost every town and village are to be found runners, usually Indians, whose business it is to carry small packages upon their shoulders from place to place. Knowing all the mountain paths and short cuts, and possessing a vast amount of strength and staying power, these runners make long journeys in a prodigiously short time. To cite a case that illustrates both the custom of gift sending and the manner of sending gifts: One of my friends in Monterey, being then on his way home from the City of Mexico, stopped for a night with his horse, carriage and servants at a hospitable *rancho*, where he was well entertained. On the evening of the next day he came to a town famous for its delicious fish, and as an acknowledgment of the hospitality shown him he sent a runner with a basket of fish to his host of the night before. The distance, allowing for short cuts, was forty miles across a mountainous country; yet the runner made it inside of ten hours—leaving at seven o'clock at night, and arriving at the ranch (as my friend was subsequently informed) at five o'clock in the morning. Taking into consideration the time lost between collection and shipment, and between receipt at the terminal point and actual delivery to consignee, the best regulated express company in the world could not have made this shipment more expeditiously. Moreover, as these runners are absolutely trustworthy—there are cases on record of their dying in defence of their freight—the express facilities which they afford in a small way scarcely can be improved upon.

Largest and finest display of suiting and trousering at the Merchant Tailoring department of the Bee Hive.

IOWA LIQUOR LAWS.

Muscatine, Ia., Sept. 30.—Judge Hayes delivered a charge to the Grand Jury today in the matter of indictments under the new prohibitory law. He charged the jury that while selling liquor is indictable, buying it is equally a violation of law; that all persons testifying to having purchased liquor are subject to indictment and that, referring it is supposed to the Temperance Alliance, in the case of any person being induced or encouraged by any organized body to buy liquor for the purpose of criminating the seller, such buyer would be indictable and such body guilty of conspiracy and subject to indictment. It is thought to be next to impossible to enforce the anti-liquor law under this ruling.

READ THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

Adrian, Michigan, Jan. 31, '81.

Have sold the goods many years, and they give the best satisfaction. We had an order for 3 large bottles Downs' Elixir last week to be sent to Woodland, Cal.

J. R. BENNETT & Co., Druggists.

The goods referred to in foregoing letter are N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment. For sale at Murray's. oct

MORE MISERY FOR WORKINGMEN.

Wilkesbarre, Sept. 30.—The operators of the Vulcan iron works in this city, a manufactory of locomotives and mining machinery, posted notices in their various shops this morning to the effect that a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages would take effect to-morrow. Thy have 400 persons in their employment, but the employes express no intention of resisting the reduction.

OCTOBER

is a good month for merchants to examine their stock of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine and include a winter's supply in their next order. The people have found out by experience that it can be relied on in all cases of croup, whooping cough, colds, and lung troubles of any nature, and will have it. A good article draws trade while worthless preparations drive it away. It should be a source of satisfaction to a dealer as well, to know he is giving good honest value for money received.

Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
loct2 Philadelphia Agents.

A STORM CAUSES GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

City of Mexico, Sept. 29.—A cloud-burst occurred at Pachuca on the afternoon of 27th, causing a terrible inundation. The amalgamating works were destroyed and considerable silver which was under treatment was lost. It is estimated that thirty persons were killed. A great deal of property was destroyed and many cattle drowned.

Clipped from "Canada Presbyterian," under signature of C. Blackett Robinson, Prop'r.: I was cured by oft recurring bilious headaches by Burdock Blood Bitters.

A VISIT TO THE GUSHER.

Bald Ridge, Sept. 28.—The Philips well to-day is doing at the rate of 49 inches per hour in a 250 barrel tank, or 115 barrels per hour. It still continues to flow without cessation, although it is considered by those who have watched it most closely to have done its best about last Sunday. However nothing definite can be said about that, as the well is not yet through the sand.

MORE MISERY FOR WORKINGMEN.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 1.—The employes of Oliver Bros. & Philips, iron manufacturers, were notified this evening that a general reduction of wages of 12½ per cent. would go into effect on 6th instant. The reduction will affect all, from the managers to the lowest on the list, salaries or otherwise, excepting the yearly scale of labor of the Amalgamated Association.

All the the latest fall styles of hats and caps, for men and boys and children, at the Bee Hive.

MURRAY'S
CARRIAG WORKS

CENTRE HALL, Centre Co., Penn'a,
Where are kept on hand and for sale.

—BUGGIES,
—PHAETONS,
—SPRING WAGONS,
—&c., —&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, with prices according to quality. I have recently added HORSE-SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith.

19.tecti LEVI MURRAY.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS, PA

Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE &

PATENT IRON ROOFING

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of

COOKING STOVES,

COAL STOVES,

& RANGES

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

TINWARE

of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

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J. C. BRACKBILL W. R. BRACKBILL

Furniture and Bedding!

THE LARGEST STOCK!

THE LOWEST PRICES!

Give us a Call,-----Satisfaction Guaranteed,

J. BRACKBILL'S SONS,

Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges.

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER.
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

THE PASTILLE
Prof. Harris' Radical Cure
TradeMark
FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR
ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that "while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months. I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 20, 1882.

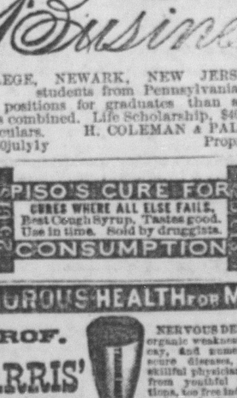
The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS,
306¼ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

FINEST AND BEST.

EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD

MANUFACTURED BY J. H. BYRNES,



ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SECURE HAVE A PAIR.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of

MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES

in the County.

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE

ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST

..... SHOES, ...

the Most Comfortable Shoe Made. Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.

un4tf E. GRAHAM & SON.

COLEMAN'S
Business
COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—100 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, Proprietors.
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PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS

VIGUROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.

Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

SEND ADDRESS
HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g Chemists,
306½ North 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.
ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS, $5; 3 MONTHS, $7

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL

Cures headaches, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c.

Unequalled in quality at half the price, 6 oz. 25 cts. Pints (16 oz.) 50 cts. Quarts $1 per bottle.

RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Valuable in the cure of ulceration and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and urethra, strangury, gravel, gleet, ghonorrhœa, leucorrhœa or whites, dropsy, pain in back, loins, &c. $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. C. F. RISLEY,
3sep6mos 64 Courtland St., New York

Agents wanted for Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest and best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland Maine. 1y

$66 a week at home. $5 outfits free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which person, of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

Gold for the working class. Send 10 cts to for postage, and we will mail you free a royal valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Me. 1y

SANITARIUM, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures. Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea, 36 p., route, cost, free.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 250 pgs. Illustrated.

All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know. Cloth and gilt binding 50 cts, paper 25c. Marriage Guide, 144 p. 15c, sent sealed, money or stps, by

DR. WHITTIER 202 PENN AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA.

The great specialist. Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consultation and Pamphlet free.

There is no excuse for suffering from
CONSTIPATION
and other diseases that follow a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, when the use of

DR. HENRY BAXTER'S
MANDRAKE BITTERS

Will give immediate relief.

After constipation follows

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the *Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and* **perfect health** will be the result. **Ladies** and others subject to **Sick Headache** will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters Being **tonic and mildly purgative they**

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Price 25 cts. per bottle.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

For sale at Murray's Drug store.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¾ inch arbor, 3 changes feed: sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS,
Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.
Elmira, N. Y., Box 1427.

THE WEST WIND.

Wind of the West, blow fresh, blow free,
O'er mountain and plain from yonder sea,
  Strongly, tenderly bearing along
  A message of love in a simple song,
A mournful cry, and a shout of glee.

All things human are one to thee,
Thou wandering spirit of mystery;
  Sweet wild odors to thee belong,
    Wind of the West.

Whispering kindly, O wind to me,
In what fair land may my true love be—
  He whose love must be pure and strong,
  He, to whom I would fain belong,
What is his fortune and his degree,
    Wind of the West?

AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE.

The old, bald-headed, wrinkle-faced watchman who walks up and down the broad stone terrace in front of the Berlin University has many a quaint and romantic story to tell to the wayfarer who will take the time and patience to loiter in his presence.

I chanced to fall in with this peculiar old fellow during my travels through Europe some five years ago. I fell an easy victim to his tongue-wiles, and in the end it was my fortune to listen to one of his most romantic yarns.

The incidents which he so faithfully portrayed, with a telling minuteness as to detail and the like, clung to me throughout my entire continental trip; and, even as I sit here now, in my home in America, many miles away from the immediate locality connected with the watchman's story, the outlines, the shadows, the features, are yet fresh in mind.

It would, however, be tiresome for me, as well as yourself, dear reader, to repeat the story word for word as it was told to me, I will endeavor to give you the more particular parts, and leave to your imagination the task of filling in the outlines, which are as follows:

Herman Von Berg was known as the leader of the White Caps. They were a jolly lot of fellows, these White Caps, who backed up their assertions with the swords' points, either for study, drinking bouts at the gardens below, love incidents, or more serious questions of merit, pertaining to dueling affairs.

Gretchen Crouse was the only child of the rich brewer in the city down there. Ah! but she was a maid to set men's hearts on fire, to cause them to put on the buckler of chivalry, and do battle for one sweet smile from her fair face.

She was the belle of the occasion; either at the gay and festive ball, or the skating rink, Gretchen's handsome form and bewitching face were the first objects of attraction.

Many a fierce and bloody conflict had been fought for the maid's sake; many a suitor had been laid low at the foil's point. Yet no victor could boast that he had won Gretchen's hand. She, who had caused so much blood to be shed, would turn in very horror from the man who came and laid the laurels of his triumph before her.

"Away from me your hand, for it is stained with blood. Your heart I can not accept. It is black with the crime which hangs over your head."

Those were her words when the victor kneeled at her throne of beauty, and sued for one sweet smile for love's own sake.

Finally it became a wide-spread belief among the students of the University that Gretchen Crouse was a loveless woman. They had fought one another, spilled blood without stint, and she had denied their suits ever.

Then Herman Von Berg came. How shall I describe him? The faint powers of descriptive lore belonging to an old watchman will not suffice to portray the nobility which was his, both by right of birth as well as the general characteristics of his nature.

A form of an Apollo, features befitting some grand knight of the age of Crusade, a wealth of yellowish golden hair, flowing away from a broad white brow, cut after the model of a classical hero.

He was two-and-twenty years of age when he first made his entree here, before the faculty. He made friends wherever he went; and enemies as well. Men of the stamp of Herman Von Berg are born to make friends. They find enemies besetting their path also, for envy is akin to admiration in the hearts of men.

He first saw Gretchen at a skating masque down there on the canal. The water's surface was frozen smooth and glassy. The merry ring of the sharp steel, mingling with the gay laughter of the skaters, was wafted up to my ears as I walked to and fro on the terrace, securely wrapped up in my heavy coat.

Gretchen's particular admirer had been for a time back Lange Le Guarde, a French student. His features were thin, clear cut, and regular; in all, it was a face that women fall in love with at first sight, or take a sudden loathing to, and hate it forever after.

Le Guarde's appearance was fine and interesting. He was a perfect gentleman in demeanor and carriage; yet his heart was black with the evil passions which swayed his morose disposition.

They made a handsome pair, the dark-complexioned Le Guarde and the rosy-cheeked, sunny-tressed Gretchen. Already three unlucky rivals bore the indelible traces of foil practice with the Frenchman, and one poor fellow had received his death wound.

Gretchen at first turned from the French lover with the same horror that she had from the former victors. She answered him in the same words that she had used; still he was a most persistent individual, and, as he was a man of stern determination, the students up here in the University looked upon it as a foregone fact that in the end she would bow to his will and give him her hand.

As I said before, Herman Von Berg first met Gretchen at a skating masque. The Frenchman was there, of course, and when he saw the pretty hood of Gretchen leaning close to Herman's white cap as the pair glided away, the storm in his heart broke forth in a half-muttered curse, and he ground his white teeth together with rage.

Then at a ball, given by a member of the royal family, Herman again met the fair Gretchen. His whole heart was taken possession of from the first, and he loved with such love as befalls the man who will brave the storms of the tempest, surmount the heaving waves, go through fire to kneel at the feet of the loved one. And yet, if another man should happen to be the preferred of the loved one, he was one of those noble beings who would hug the wolf to his bosom, even though it ate his very heart out, rather than stoop to win by base subterfuge what fair dealing and upright demeanor had denied him. For years there had been bloody frays between the White and Red Caps. Noses were split, cheeks gashed and eyes blinded by the frequent affairs; and, strange fatality as it might be, the rivals, Von Berk and Le Guarde, were the leaders of the two orders.

Upon no occasion was there a possible chance to let slip, whereby a foil practice could be engaged in by the White and Red Caps. As yet there had been no meeting between the two leaders and rivals in love. The storm was only brewing. It threatened to break forth shortly, however.

One evening the students, composed of a mixture of White and Red Caps gathered in the tap-room of the Red Lion, a noted resort, situated on the outskirts of the city. Wine had flowed freely, and the hot heads were fairly aching for storm, and the fiery hearts burning for fray.

In days gone by, a mere word, lightly spoken, was sufficient cause for a pass at arms; ay, a simple look was provocation enough. At the present time of which I speak the faculty had strictly forbidden foil practice outside of the University armory; consequently the young fellows had the check-rein ever held over them by the strong hand of the University head. Le Guarde was present, and the wine which he had taken during the evening had tended to make him very disagreeable to the White Caps.

He threw out various remarks which lashed the latter into rage. But they were utterly powerless to challenge him, other than to accept a pass at arms in the armory. Before ten o'clock had struck he had a dozen affairs upon his hands, and doubtless would have had as many more if Herman Von Berg had not stepped into the tap-room. His entrance was the signal for a loud chorus of cheers from the White Caps. The smoky rafters of the old inn fairly trembled as the young fellows arose, clinked their glasses together, and sent up a cheer of welcome.

"*Sacre!* but the young fellow seems to be popular," exclaimed Le Guarde, after the cheers had died away.

The remark was addressed to one of his boon companions. However, Herman caught the last two or three words. He walked over to Le Guarde, and said—

"Did you say fellow?"

"Eh, did you speak?" returned Le Guarde.

"I did."

"What was your remark?"

"I asked you if you said fellow?" said Herman.

"Beg pardon," responded the other, placing his hand behind his ear, and bending toward Herman.

This alone was a sufficient cause for a duel; it was considered to be one of the grossest of gross insults. Herman shivered with rage, yet his will held him back, and he repeated his remark.

The students crowded about the pair. They saw that the long pent-up storm was about to burst forth. All ears were on the alert to catch Le Guarde's reply.

"Ah, my very dear sir, what if I did say fellow?" and Le Guarde's tones were so chill that the intended sarcasm did not escape the apprehension of the dullest present.

"Well?" simply asked Herman, folding his arms calmly, and, standing back, he eyed the other coolly.

"Is there any harm done?" asked the Frenchman.

"A harm has been done, and by you. The injury, however, can be erased," said Herman.

"I am ready to back all that I may have said," uttered the other.

"How?"

"That I will state afterward," said Le Guarde.

"I claim to be a gentleman. I have treated all here as gentlemen, and I only ask a like respect in return. You insult my honor and the honor of my friends, when you cast out the insinuation that I am a fellow. What is your decision, Monsieur Le Guarde?"

"This," returned the Frenchman, and, reaching out his hand, he slapped Herman lightly upon the cheek.

Herman's face was livid with rage. A dozen hands were put forth to deter him from venting his anger upon his rival. Pushing the hands away he said:

"Stand away, gentlemen. You need have no fear that I will forget what is due the honor of a gentleman."

Le Guarde then exclaimed, in impassioned tones:

"You come here, and intrude your pretty baby face; you seek to circumvent by foul means men who have been here longer than you have; you are a mere boy, and we might excuse all that has been, for that. Doubtless you feel secure in the hope that you will some day win the hand of the fair Gretchen Crouse."

It was a cruel, cowardly speech; and even Le Guarde's face grew a shade whiter as he met the blazing eyes which fastened their gaze upon him.

"Liar! I have never tried to circumvent a single man's plans. I have never been unjust in my dealings with you, Monsieur Le Guarde, or any other man. As for Gretchen Crouse (and I beg to be pardoned for uttering her name in connection with this affair), she has promised her hand to me. Her heart has been mine ever since we first met."

A muttered imprecation of rage sprang from the Frenchman's lips, and he furiously ejaculated:

"Fight we must, and to the death! Dare you give me the choice of weapons?"

"I dare," responded Herman.

"In France we have many affairs of honor, so to speak. Men meet at the foil's point, and die, gasping as their life blood gushes forth. Men measure of a score of yards, and, with pistol in hand, take aim, kill or are killed. Have you ever heard of the duel known as 'At the stroke of twelve?'"

"No, I am prepared to be enlightened," responded Herman.

"A set of dice; we shake them, and the man who throws lowest is the victim. Do you comprehend, Monsieur Von Berg?"

"Go on. What of the victim?" responded Herman.

"Why, you see, the victor is relieved of the disagreeable duty of—ahem—killing the other."

"Why, what do you mean, man?" quickly responded Herman.

"You see, after the dice are thrown, the one who throws lowest prepares to die. In other words, he makes his peace with this world, and gets ready for the other, and, when the clock strikes twelve, he—"

"What?" burst forth a chorus of voices.

"He puts out his own life's light. Poison, stabs, or does it in a way which best suits him."

A hush fell upon the party. Such a duel was a hitherto unheard of affair; and when to death was added suicide, it sent an icy chill to each student's heart, and froze the tongue with horror.

They cast the dice, and Herman Von Berg threw the lowest.

"You see, my dear sir—beg pardon—you lose. Is it not a handy way?" asked the Frenchman, taking up a wine glass and draining its contents.

Herman's face was a peculiar study. His heart was yet warm with the words which Gretchen had uttered. In his ears yet rung the promise to marry him. And now all is lost. The brightness, the sunshine of loving, the glory of existence, must shortly fade away, and death will be Herman Von Berg's bride, instead of fair Gretchen Crouse.

After clasping hands with each of his comrades, and telling each man not to follow him under any circumstances, he left the tap-room, and went up the steep walk winding about the hill.

I saw him when he passed me here on the terrace, and thought it strange then, when, after saying "good night" to me, he went to the balcony there, overlooking the city with its shining light below, and, stretching out his arms, said:

"Gretchen—won and lost, a bride, and not a bride—I bid thee farewell at the stroke of twelve!"

He then went into the building. Ten, twenty minutes passed, and, as the clock upon the tower pealed forth the midnight hour, the sharp report of a pistol rang out.

They went to his room, and all that remained of a promising, handsome, talented man was a piece of bleeding clay.

"And Gretchen Crouse, what became of her?" I asked.

"Humph!" uttered the old man, turning away, "woman-like, she married Le Guarde, after he graduated."

France and China.

Foo-Choo, the point in China where the first attack of the French forces was made, is the capital city of the Province of Foh-Kien, and one of the few ports in China open to foreign trade. The Chinese name of the city is Hok-Chin, which signifies "happy region." Foo-Choo is situated in latitude 26 degrees 5 minutes north and longitude 119 degrees 20 minutes east, about 420 miles northeast of Canton, and 375 miles southwest of Shanghai. It stands on a plain about 2½ miles from the north bank of the River Min, and 25 miles from its mouth. An amphitheatre of hills surrounds the city about 4 miles distant, and it is protected by one of the peculiar walls of China, which is 7 miles in circumference, from 20 to 25 feet high, and from 12 to 20 feet in thickness at different points. Seven gates afford entrance to the city proper through this high wall, and over each of the gates is a high tower which is jealously guarded by a watchman. The whole district between the city and River Min, the island of Nantal, and the southern bank of the river are occupied by extensive suburbs, and the river itself is occupied by a large floating population, which lives in the boats which crowd its waters. Communication from bank to bank of the river is afforded by a stone bridge, which is about a quarter of a mile long, and is supported by 40 piers, placed at unequal distances. Across these piers are laid immense stones, 3 feet square, and about 45 feet long, and over these a granite platform extends. This bridge is known to the natives as the bridge of 10,000 ages, and is said to be over 800 years old. It is lined along the sides with shops, and is constantly filled with the people of Foo-Choo.

The city proper of Foo-Choo is regularly built, but the streets, though paved with granite, and in many instances planted with trees, are filthy, narrow, and infested with beggars. The population of the city has been variously estimated by travelers in China at from 600,000 to 4,000,000 souls. The most remarkable establishment of the city is the Arsenal, situated about three miles down the river Min, at Pagoda Island, where the seagoing vessels usually anchor. It was founded in 1867, and has been conducted, under the direction of French engineers, according to European methods. In 1879 it employed about 1,000 workmen, besides 50 European superintendents. Foo-Choo is known in China as a city of the first-class, and is the seat of a Viceroy or Governor-General, whose jurisdiction extends over Fokien and Chekiang, and the provinces adjoining Fokien to the north. The city is also a great literary centre, and numerous gentry who have retired from office in other parts of the empire, and men of high literary attainments reside there. It has several cotton, paper, and hardware manufactories, several hundred factories for making porcelain, and factories of blue cloth, screens and combs. Near by are productive lead mines, and a great tea-growing district lies within 70 miles of the city. The commerce of Foo-Choo is principally with Japan and the maritime provinces of China. The chief exports are black teas, timber, bamboo, fruits, orange peel, tobacco, potash, spice, grain, copper, and lead. The imports are opium, which sometimes amounts to $5,000,000 in value for a year; salt, sugar, and European manufactures.

An Electric Eel.

A very interesting addition has recently been made to the Zoological Gardens, London, in the shape of an electric eel—*gymnotuselectricus*. It is said to be nearly six feet in length, and must therefore be one of the very largest specimens of its kind. Those who remember the palmy days of the old Polytechnic may recollect a diminutive electrical eel which used to deal out very decided shocks to visitors who had the temerity to touch it and which used to kill, or at any rate to stun, the live fish which were put into its tank for food. The newcomer is altogether a more formidable fellow, and when he has had time to recruit after the long voyage from South America, during which he was rather cruelly coiled in a vessel in which he could not move without chafing himself raw in several places, it will be anything but wise to venture on any liberties with him.

Humboldt, when in the native home of this fish in and about the Rio Colorado, measured some that were five feet five inches in length, but, though the Indians said there were larger, he himself saw none. The captive in Regent's Park is no doubt, therefore, a very big specimen, and there can be little doubt of its power. Humboldt thought that the Indians of the locality referred to had exaggerated ideas on this subject, but they no doubt had had practical experience, while the illustrious traveler seems to have prudently refrained from testing the matter, except in the case of an eel in a somewhat exhausted condition. He admits that it would be temerity to expose one's self to the first shock of a large and strongly irritated gymnotus, and though he does not mention any case within his knowledge of any human life being lost by a shock from the fish, the mode of catching them adopted by the Indians seems to render it by no means incredible that, as some have asserted, this fish is capable of killing a man.

The Indians, it seems, are accustomed, when they want to catch gymnoti, to scour the country round for wild horses and mules, which they drive into ponds where the fish are known to be, and so violent are the discharges of the pent-up lightnings to which these animals are exposed that, though they are not actually killed by electricity, they are so stunned and disabled that usually several of them are drowned. Humboldt once imprudently put both his feet on an electric eel just taken out of the water; and, though he does not speak of it as a large one, he says he never experienced from a large Leyden jar a more dreadful discharge than he felt on that occasion. He was affected all day with a violent pain in every joint of his body. It seems to be generally agreed that the electric force of this fish is closely dependent upon its general vitality, and as the new arrival is as yet only in a comparatively poor condition, perhaps no great harm would result from bodily contact with it.

Marble Quarrying at Cararra.

'Twixt mountain and sea, on a strip of sandy waste, and flanked by gloomy pinewoods, is a hot bald piazza, surrounded at intervals by poor, painted, houses. A sandy track leads to the beach, on which lie huge black boats of quaint rig and stacks of marble slabs. Towards the rugged marble hills the land softens into olive-gardens and little vineyards, where corn grows up amidst sheltering vines. Brown men and women, bright with colored scarfs, toil in the fields, whilst patient, mild-eyed oxen drag the wooden plough or draw down white marble slabs towards the sea. Wild, haggard valleys, wrecked into stones, lie behind those first olive-clad swells of land, and high up, the mountain peaks seem to bleed red and white, galled by the insect man. And ever and anon there are puffs of white smoke and light reports in the distance as the miners are at work again. In the gulfs below, in those valleys wasted with fallen rocks, crowds of huge-limbed, shaggy men await the rough-hewn blocks which roll and leap in the horrid race down from the wounded mountain side. And one may see a swarm of such men armed with ponderous iron bars leap, Lilliput like, upon some fallen monster, the which they will push and pull, amid rythmic cries, on to low wheeled wagons. Huge wooden wagon these, such as some hundreds of Israel's poor nudities might have dragged, charged with granite rocks, for some Egyptian Pharaoh's burial!

And now come the ten yoke of oxen with a driver balanced athwart each yoke, goad-armed to prick the halting ones. A block of rough stone drags behind as the noisy train descends the deeply-rutted track, and the shadows are dark in the bright sunlight as the load is left to be hewn into new white slabs by the many-jawed saws of the water-mill below. Hence come those piles, those heaps of marble on either side of the low jetty, on the sand-ridge by the sea, sorted right and left, graveyard-like in utter nakedness as if against some judgment day. And when the white moon wanders up at night, they stand like gentle ghosts, a bright shining path over the sea lying all before them. No need then there seems, of those black prison-houses, those great boats that lie like cast-off shells of huge leviathans—no need, there seems, of these to wing the white souls on their way.

It is glaring noontide, the deep shadows have shrunk into rectangular stumpiness, and a drowsy peace has crept over the dusty piazza. The brown, ragged world is all at dinner. How solemnly grand in its dignity is the massive pump in the centre there that cares so little for the rival attractions of some half-dozen wine-shops which flaunt their gaudy invitations to thirsty souls! There is a fort, too, in the square, with a bold frowning front towards the now distant sea, and then a smiling windowed side for the piazza and the pump. On either flank there is a little quaint street of ragged houses which reach to the *pineta*, and towards the mountains a stretch of dusty road. Presently, dinner over, the stacks of marble will swarm again with swarthy men and boys. The oxen, too, that have crept into the shade to chew the cud will begin again their dusty pilgrimages to the mountains, or will rumble the marble piled tram-car along the jetty to the big-boomed boats.

It was early morning as the first light stole over the mountains, when the facchini awoke to labor. And first, the big flat-bottomed boats that lay in black rows on the sand were hauled down by many a yoke of oxen; for each yoke a driver in the heavy cart. Naked and shouting, a troop of men and boys placed logs of wood across Leviathan's path, so that he slid down groaning and in short stages to the silent sea, looking, as he gathered the cart-ropes together about him, like some huge black monster of the deep, throwing out horrid feelers. Leviathan launched, and tamely tied to a wooden pier, scores of men hand down marble fashioned into slabs and squares, or with block and tackle slung from the big boom, lower great rough-hewn masses into the hold. Other boats lie distant to be laden from barges, which receive their marble freight from ox-carts that wade out till the oxen are breast deep in blue water, their patient noses swept over by the splashing waves. Under little sheds or in the hot sun men square and shape the marbles into tiles, while others labor with a great saw or some huge marble rock. Amidst the dazzling whiteness on the shore the lordly "padrone" of marble caves, armed with blue spectacles and a sun umbrella, is busy with a note book; and on the jetty the captain of a lading vessel breaks into poetic oaths. So work runs on till noon and afternoon, and when evening comes, the sun, sinking red in a lurid, cloudless west, sees there the workers still toiling. But then come weeks while "libeccio" rages, and the men stand idle all the day long looking impatiently at curling sea and gloomy skies.

Legend of Star Island.

During the troublesome times before and subsequent to the revolution the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, were the resort and hiding places of the freebooters who haunted the northern coast, and these silent rocks, if they could speak, would tell many a tale of bloody cruelty and gloomy wrong. The pirates used to come here to divide and hide their booty, and melt up the silver plate they captured from the colonists along the coast.

For a long time it was supposed that bushels of doubloons were buried in the gaping crevices of the rocks, or the little caves that have been eaten out of the ledges by the restless tide; but the place was thoroughly searched by several generations of fishermen, and nothing more valuable than a rusty cutlass or a bursted blunderbuss was ever found.

The grandames tell how Capt. Kydd came here often, "as he sailed," and there are legends of other pirates quite as fierce and free as he. The Star Island used to be haunted by a beautiful spectre with long white robes and golden tresses reaching to her heels, who used to come out of some undiscovered cavern at dawn, and shading her eyes with a hand that was as white and beautiful as a lily's bosom, gaze off upon the sea in hopeless expectancy of the return of a clipper that sailed away and never came back again.

The story goes that a bloody-hearted old pirate, being pursued by a cruiser, brought his beautiful mistress here and left her while he went out to battle, telling her that by dawn he would be back again, but he came not, not even now. She died of starvation, but her faithful spirit still comes to the summit of the island as the sun rises each morning, to meet the corsair who never returned.

There are eight of the islands, the smallest being as large, or rather as small, as a city building lot, and the largest containing only a couple of hundred acres—nothing but bare, lifeless rocks, carved by the incessant waves into strange grotesqueness, and covered by no vegetation except low clinging vines and the New England blueberry. Four of the islands are inhabited, the largest, the Appledore, bears a hotel and a few cottages. Star Island has another hotel and small settlement of fishermen, a third has a few fishermen's huts, and the fourth has a bold, white lighthouse springing out of its crest. They were discovered by Capt. John Smith, the friend of Pocahontas, who in 1814 explored the New England coast in an open boat, and spent some time here making repairs and resting.

On Star Island stand the only monument erected in America to Cap. John Smith. It is a rude affair—a prismatic shaped shaft of marble, upon a pedestal of sandstone, inscribed at length with the records of his valorous deeds, and some cyclopedias say he is buried here, but that is a mistake.

A Tree Which Gives Light at Night.

A most remarkable tree or shrub grows in a small gulch near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora. It is about sixor seven feet in height, with a trunk which, at its base, is three times the size of a man's wrist. It has innumerable branches and twigs, and resembles somewhat the barberry tree. Its foliage at certain seasons of the year is so luminous that it can be plainly distinguished in the darkest night for a distance of more than a mile, while in its immediate vicinity it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the finest print. Its foliage is extremely rank, and its leaves resemble somewhat, in size, shape and color, those of the aromatic bay tree of California. The luminous property is evidently parasitic, and consists of a sort of gummy substance, which, upon being transferred by rubbing to a person's hand, imparts to it the same apparently phosphorescent light, while that on the leaf entirely disappears. The Indians regard it with superstition, and will not approach it even in the daytime if they can possibly avoid it. They have a name for it, which literally interpreted, signifies "witch tree." An old Shoshone said that there were but two others in the entire country."

The deepest mine in the world, according to Prof. H. Hoefer, is the Przibram silver mine in Bohemia. The lowest depth is 3,300 feet below the surface.

Fox and Penn.

Fully eight hundred people attended the exercises commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the Friends' meeting house at Third-haven near Easton, Pennsylvania, recently. The meeting house is situated in a grove of handsome old oaks. A few years ago one of the trees was destroyed by a storm. Chips from this tree were very much in demand and requests came from Friends all over the country for a chip from the tree under which Fox and Penn preached. The meeting house is believed to be the oldest house of worship of Friends in this country, having been erected 200 years ago. The first meeting was held in it August 24, 1684. The meeting house is a frame building 60 by 22 feet, situated on a three-acre tract of land. Another meeting house was erected a few years ago near the old building. The first yearly meeting was called at Third-haven by John Burngate in 1672. Records of the yearly meetings from 1677 are preserved in the fire-proof rooms of the Friends on Lombard street, Baltimore. The first yearly meeting in Baltimore was held in 1785, and none have been held at Third-haven since 1788. It has been asserted that there were probably more Friends at one time in Talbot county than all other sects combined.

The journal of "that ancient servant of Jesus Christ, John Richardson," printed in Philadelphia in 1782, gives a quaint account of the visit in 1702 of Lord Baltimore and lady, accompanied by Penn, who came to the yearly meeting at Third-haven, "but," he says, "it was late when they came, and the strength and glory of the heavenly power of the Lord was going off from the meeting, so the lady was much disappointed, as I understand by William Penn, for she told him she 'did not want to hear him and such as he, for he was a scholar and wise man, and she did not question, but he could preach; but she wanted to hear some of our mechanics preach, as husbandmen, shoemakers and such like rustics, for she thought they could not preach to any purpose.' William Penn told her some of these were rather the best preachers we had amongst us." He continues: "I was a little in their company, and I thought the lady to be a notable wife, and withal a courteously carriaged woman."

Lady Lobbyists in Washington.

The lady lobbyists have played important parts in the social life of Washington, especially since the Buchanan administration. Some of them have been the widows of officers of the army or navy; others have been the daughters of Congressmen, and others have drifted here from home localities where they have found themselves the subjects of scandalous comments. A few of them have been beautiful, some had scorched their wings on ill-lighted torches, and they have generally been very clever. It has been their business to so ingratiate themselves with Senators and Representatives as to control their votes on matters which they have been paid to advocate or oppose. Failing in this, they have sometimes managed to secure the absence of opponents of the bills which they have been retained to advocate by ingenious schemes. They looked at every question before Congress from a business standpoint, and their smiles were for those whose votes were doubtful. To them the highest compliments and most honeyed phrases were thrown away, for they knew their vanity. They "meant business." The parlors of some of these dames have been exquisitely furnished, with works of art and bric-a-brac donated by admiring diplomats. Every evening they received, and in the winter their blazing wood fires were surrounded by a distinguished circle. Some would treat favored guests to a game of euchre, and as midnight approached there was always an adjournment to the dining-room, where a choice supper was served. A cold duck, a venison pie, broiled oysters, or some one exquisitely cooked dish with salads and cheese, generally constituted the repast, with iced champagne or Burgundy at blood heat. Who could blame the Congressman for leaving the bad cooking of his hotel or boarding house, with an absence of all home comforts, to walk into the parlor web which the adroit lobbyist has cunningly woven for him?

Hawaiian Houses.

The houses of Honolulu are always open, day and night, as the temperature is so warm that one has to sleep out of doors, as it were, to get enough fresh air. They are built mostly of wood, though many of the oldest and more substantial houses are built of coral stone, a few of lava stone, and many may yet be seen within the limits of Honolulu made of grass and occupied by the natives. These native huts or houses are built by making a framework of bamboo poles covered with layers of the banana tree, the trunk of which can be removed in layers. This again is covered with grass and trimmed on the corners and top by weaving the grass into different patterns. One opening or door usually admits enough light and air for the average native, though some huts are divided off into several rooms, with two and sometimes three doors. A mat hung down on the inside, covering the opening, is the common door. Mats made of broad grass interwoven or braided, and sometimes flags from the carpets, and a pile of from two to ten, and sometimes even more, make the bed on which the natives and invited guests sleep. Furniture there is none, the natives always sitting on the ground with their legs crossed beneath them. Their kitchen is outside, and is composed of a heap of stones and ordinarily an iron pot.

As a matter of fact, anybody has a right to complain of coffee when he finds grounds for it in his cup.

The loftiest active volcano is Popocatepetl (smoking mountain), thirty-five miles south-west of Pueblo, Mexico. It is 17,784 feet above the sea level, has a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep.

RETURNED PRODIGAL—"Dear! Dear! How little the old farm has changed."

Honest Farmer—"Very few changes have been made, my son. You will find things pretty much as you left them twenty years ago. Over there is the apple tree you planted."

"Yes, the same tree, only larger; and there is the dog-house I made for the new pup!"

"Yes; poor Carlo! He died of old age ten years ago. That dog you see is his grandson."

"And over there is the chicken-house I helped to build for old Biddy's first brood."

"Yes; poor old Biddy! I wish I had known you were coming home."

"Why?"

"Because I might have saved her, but I took her to market last week."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

TALKING with a friend the other day about the tricks of youth and the dimly remembered slipper, he said that he recollected one day when his mother was sick and his prim old aunt came to preside over him, the older brother and the table. Having teased his aunt past all endurance, she tapped his sconce, when he called her an old fool. At the supper table his father was informed of his impudence, and Will was told to go to the head of the table and tell his aunt he was sorry. He went and fulfilled the command, with hanging head, by saying:

"I'm sorry you're an old fool, Auntie." He got no supper, but meant well.

WHEN the Mason & Hamlin Company announced the accomplishment of a great improvement in Upright Pianos, which they would soon give to the public, much was expected, because of the vast improvements which had been effected by them in reed instruments, and the acknowledged superexcellence of their organs. These expectations are fully justified by the pianos which they are producing, which have extraordinary purity and refinement of tone. Every mechanic will see that the peculiarities of their construction must add greatly to their durability and especially their capacity to keep in good tune.

This company have as great a future in their pianos as they are already realizing in their organs, which are confessedly unequalled among such instruments.—*Boston Traveller.*

"BUT, oh, papa, George and I do love each other so devotedly," "I don't care. I say you shall not marry him. How on earth can he support the daughter of a wealthy merchant when his salary is only $5000 a year?" "But, papa, you forget he is your confidential clerk, your trusted employe." "What of that?" "Why, he probably owns more of the store than you do already."

Josiah Davis' Trouble.

Josiah Davis, North Middletown, Ky., writes: "I am now using a box of your Henry's Carbolic Salve upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days, has given me great pain. The salve is the only remedy I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varicose veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that Henry Carbolic Salve is effecting a cure." Beware of imitations.

BIGGINS was poorly—"all run down and no strength," he told his friend Smith.

"Do you ever take any stimulent, Mr. Biggins?" asked Smith.

"No," answered Biggins, mournfully, "except sometimes just before going to bed."

"Well, for my part," said Smith, decidedly, "I don't never want to take nothin' jest afore goin' to bed, for I goes right to sleep an' loses all the good on it."

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

JONES bought a new hat: on the inside was the motto, "Moveo et Proficio." He took some pains to find out the meaning of the words, and at an evening party introduced the subject, but when he attempted to translate it he couldn't remember it and appealed to his wife. "Maria," he said, "do you remember what was in my new hat when I brought it home on Saturday?" "Perfectly," said Mrs. Jones, with her usual composure. "And what was it?" he asked, looking round on the company as much as to say: "Now you will see what a scholar my wife is." "A brick," was the crushing answer.

Hair-dressings should be free from rancidity, should neither gum nor dry the hair, and should be of such a nature that the hair bulbs would receive strength. Carboline is the only one that seems to fill the bill.

A NEW YORK man has just patented a loaf of bread so baked in slices that no knife is needed to cut it, each slice being easily pulled off. A Vassar College girl who baked a few loaves of bread by the New York man's process claims to have greatly improved the patent. It appears that the slices of her bread, which pull off nicely, can be used to roof a house, being more durable than slate. There is something in college education after all.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Is there any one here that cannot see that what I have said is true?" demanded a frenzied campaign orator. "Yes, I can't," said a man standing up. "Why can't you?" asked the orator. "Because I'm blind," was the response.

AN advertisement in a contemporary reads: "Wanted—a girl to cook." This gives rise to the grave suspicion that cannibalism is not yet played out in this country.

THE man who makes wagers may be very wicked, but the one who does not is no better.

"So, Charley you've got a sweetheart, I hear," said one young man to another.

"I've heard something of that sort, too," answered Charley.

"Is she pretty?"

"Rather."

"Father living?"

"I should smile. Liveliest man you ever saw."

"Well heeled?"

"I don't know whether he is heeled at all or not, but I have cause to believe he is very heavily toed," and he limped away with a hurt look and a crumpled coat-tail.

"Hello!" we heard one man say to another, the other day. "I didn't know you at first, why! you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I *feel* ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."

"I UNDERSTAND that you are going to Chicago to-day," said Noodles to a young lady acquaintance.

"Yes," she replied. "I depart at 4:30 p. m.

"Would you permit me to escort you to the train?" eagerly asked the youth.

"Really," said the blushing miss, "it would not be right for you to go to so much trouble."

"Oh, indeed," said Noodles, courtesying profoundly, "it would give me —the greatest pleasure to see you off."

Then he felt like going behind the house and kicking himself very, very hard.

"No Physic, Sir, in Mine!"

A good story comes from a boys' boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some old-style physic in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogue, "No physic, sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuthin' but Dr. Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' and they are doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious, and purely vegetable.

HE had a bundle of papers under his arm, and was standing near the Brooklyn bridge weeping.

"What is the matter, little boy?" said a pleasant faced gentleman.

"If I go home without selling me papers, me feyther and mother will bate the life out of me."

"That's bad."

"Yes, sor, but the worst of it is that I am an only orphint."

"Yes," replied the philanthropist, allowing a nickel to drop back into his pocket; "only it doesn't often happen that a boy has such bad luck."

It's no secret nostrum. We speak of Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, composed of best French Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water. It cures cholera morbus, colic or cramps in stomach, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, and breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

"DID it fall on the buttered side?" asked the landlady of the boarder who dropped a slice of bread on the floor. Without looking at the fallen piece the cruel young man replied:

"Certainly not; such an event would be impossible in this house as long as oleomargarine is so cheap."

Color Your Butter.

Farmers that try to sell white butter are all of the opinion that dairying does not pay. If they would use Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color, and market their butter in perfect condition, they would still get good prices, but it will not pay to make any but the best in color and quality. This color is used by all the leading creameries and dairymen, and is sold by druggists and merchants.

"WHY," he pleaded, "our very circumstances bind us together; our similar tastes, our friendship, long acquaintance—"

"Yes," she replied, "even age could bind us together."

"What age, dearest?" he asked.

"Mucilage," answered she, gluemily.

A minute later, as he paste up and down the room alone, he realized that his failure was gumplete.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50c.

"THERE is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philospher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

IT is a singular fact that the more unclean the political canvass is, the more "soap" there is used, and yet the more "soap" is used the more unclean the canvass becomes.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

A BLUNDERBUSS—Kissing the wrong girl. Blank despair—Usually that of the lottery ticket investor.

Night Sweats.

Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

EARTHQUAKES are very aristocratic, at least they always belong to the upper crust.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Into a sieve put half a pint of flour, two teaspoonsful cream-of-tartar and one of saleratus. Mix the three ingredients thoroughly and sift them into a bowl containg one and a-half pints of Graham flour, half a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix all thoroughly white dry, and add two well-beaten eggs and a pint of milk. Fill muffin-cups about two-thirds to the top and bake in a quick oven.

Says Lenel's *Mechanical News*, care should be taken that belts be kept soft and pliable; and experience has taught us that the best article for this purpose for leather belting, is good castor oil. It softens, and at the same time removes all dirt and scales from the surface of the belt, thereby causing it to adhere the more closely to the pulley. Resin is sometimes used to prevent belts from slipping. While this may have the desired effect for the time, in the end it causes the very thing which the purpose is to prevent, by stiffening and hardening the belt, and causing a scale to gather on the face of the belt, thereby preventing the surface of the belt proper coming in contact with the pulley. After such scale has gathered on the belt by the use of resin, or from any other cause, castor oil will readily remove it. Belts, to give the best results, should have good attention.

It has been estimated that there are about 6,000 species of birds, of which five-sixths are known. The Coues list of North American birds now embraces 888 species, 120 new species having been added during the last eight years.

PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416, NEW YORK.

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IT IS A SPECIFIC FOR Kidney & Liver Troubles, Bladder, Urinary and Blood Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes. IT IS RELIABLE in curing Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins or Sides, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

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* Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

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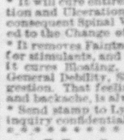

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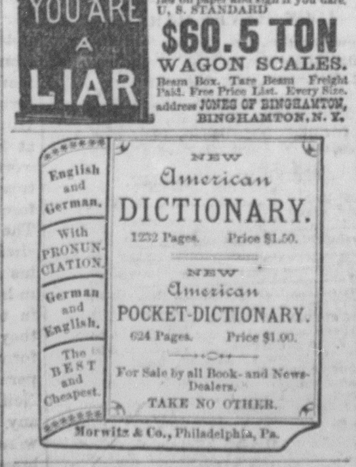

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HOW TO COOK EGGS.—Cook the first in the orthodox manner by keeping it in boiling water three and a half minutes. Then place the second in this same boiling water; but, instead of keeping the saucepan over the fire, place it on the hearth and leave it there, with the eggs in it, about ten minutes or more. A still better way of making the comparative experiment is to use for the second egg a water-bath, or *bain marie* of the French scientific cook; a vessel immersed in boiling or nearly boiling water, like a glue-pot, and therefore not quite so hot as its source of heat. In this case a thermometer should be used, and the water surrounding the egg be kept at or near 180 dg. Fahr. Time of immersion about ten minutes or more. A comparison of results will show that the egg that has been cooked at a temperature of more than 30 dg. below the boiling-point of water is tender and delicate, evenly so throughout, no part being hard while another part is semi-raw and slimy. I said "ten minutes or more," because, when thus cooked, a prolonged, exposure to the hot water does no mischief; if the temperature of 160 dg. is not exceeded, it may remain for half an hour; in fact, the perfection of cooking, according to my experience (I always cook my own eggs when I have the opportunity and can spare the time), is attained when kept at 160 dg. about twenty minutes. The 180 dg. is above-named because the rising of the temperature of the eggs itself is due to the difference between its own temperature and that of the water, and, when that difference is very small, this takes place very slowly, besides which the temperature of the water is, of course, lowered in raising that of the cold egg.

HOT CROSS BUNS.—Into one and a-half pounds well-dried flour rub four ounces moist sugar; warm a quarter of a pint of milk, not hot enough to scald the yeast; make a hole in the middle of the flour, and put in a quarter of a teacupful of good thick yeast that is not too bitter, or it will taste in the buns; pour on it your warm milk and mix about one-third or nearly one-half of the flour with it, leaving the rest unmixed around the sides of the pan. Set in a warm place to rise for three-quarters of an hour or an hour. When it has well-risen, melt a quarter of a pound of butter and mix it with some milk; let it be on the fire until it is warm, then mix it with the rest of the sugar and flour into a dough. When mixed it should be rather softer than bread dough. Put it to rise for a quarter of an hour and then mould it into round balls, cut a cross on them, put them on buttered iron plates, and then into a warm place, to rise or prove; when well-risen, bake them in a hot oven. If you wish to have currants or carraway seeds and spice in them, mix in either of these when you add the butter and milk. The spices to be used are equal quantities of ground ginger, allspice, coriander and caraway seeds mixed together; put in as much of this as you think sufficient.

THE RAINY DAY PAINT-BOX.—In some nook or corner of the children's trunk make provision in the shape of amusement for the rainy day. A box of water-color paints is a well-spring of joy on such an occasion. Any old magazine with pictures, are acceptable. A little boy spending his summer at the seashore loudly expressed his desire for a rainy day—so that he could paint. His mother kept him out in the open air playing on the sands and in the pine woods, so long as the days were clear. She wisely economized his little pleasures by reserving some choice morsel for the rainy days. There is a card game of "Alice in Wonderland," which very little children can understand.

INDIAN FRITTERS.—Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, and pour into it sufficient boiling water to make it into a stiff paste, taking care to stir and beat it well to prevent its getting lumpy. Leave it a little time to cool, and then break into it the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, and stir and beat all well together. Have ready some boiling lard or clarified drippings. Drop a dessertspoonful of batter in at a time, and fry the fritters of a light brown. They ought to rise so much as to be almost like balls. Serve them on a hot dish, with a spoonful of jam or marmalade dropped between each fritter.

GRAPE PIE.—Do not send to the table a grape pie the filling of which is at least one-third seeds; if you have not time to make the pie as it should be made, wait till a more convenient season, and stew the grapes without sugar first, and then the seeds can be removed with ease; then sweeten the grapes and fill the paste just as you do with other fruit.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—In warm weather breakfast cakes, take one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, nearly one cup of butter or lard, and butter mixed, one cup of sour milk, four cups of flour, four teaspoonsful of soda, not heaping but even full, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, salt and ginger, one egg. Bake in gem tins. These will keep well for a week.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD.—Boil one large cauliflower with two quarts of water and one tablespoonful of salt for half an hour. Take up and drain. When cold divide into small tufts. Arrange on the centre of a dish and garnish with a border of strips of pickled beet. Pour a cupful of mayonnaise dressing over the cauliflower. Arrange a star of the pickled beet in the centre. Serve immediately.

BEET SALAD.—Boil new beets without scraping them. When they are tender drop them in cold water, remove the skin, slice them and put them in a salad dish in layers, with slices of hard-boiled eggs; season with pepper and salt, a little butter and vinegar.

NEW POTATOES FRIED.—Peel after being boiled; do not let the skins break so they may remain whole, have ready one beaten egg, and some rolled crackers; first roll the potatoes in the egg, then in the crackers. Fry in butter or hot lard until a light brown.

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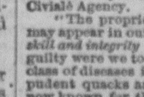

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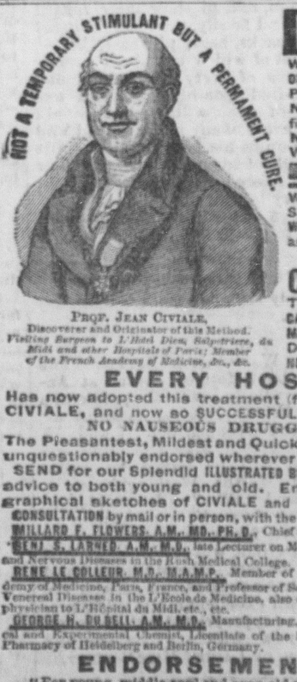

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RENE LE COLLEUR, M.D., M.A.M.P., Member of the Academy of Medicine, Paris, France, and Professor of Sexual and Venereal Diseases in the L'Ecole de Medicine, also attending physician to L'Hôpital du Midi, etc., etc.
GEORGE H. DU BELL, A.M., M.D., Manufacturing, Analytical and Experimental Chemist, Licentiate of the School of Pharmacy of Heidelberg and Berlin, Germany.
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"For young, middle-aged and even old men suffering from weakness, debility or impotency, we know of no remedy so certain to cure or so thoroughly endorsed by the entire medical profession as those of the Civiale Agency. We know them to be regular and reliable specialists."—NEW YORK WORLD, *Sept.* 3.

"The propriety of devoting editorial space to the subject matter of any medical advertisement that may appear in our columns may be doubted by some, and *indeed were it not for our personal knowledge of the skill and integrity of the Medical Director of the* CIVIALE AGENCY, we should deem ourselves more than guilty were we to utter a word of endorsement as to the efficacy of their system of treating that serious class of diseases in men, which for so many years has been and is at present the stalking ground of impudent quacks and pretenders. This theory and practice of medicine is an advance over everything now known for this class of diseases, and in it many a weak and nerveless youth or impotent man will find health and happiness."—TRIBUNE AND FARMER, *July* 26.

Also Agents for the now celebrated ELASTIC SELF-ADJUSTING and GLOVE-FITTING CRADLE-COMPRESSOR, for the RAPID, PAINLESS and PERFECT CURE of **VARICOCELE**

All Communications Absolutely Confidential. *Address*

CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 164 Fulton St., New York.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., OCT. 8, 1884.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE

FIRST RAIL ROAD EXCURSION

TO SPRING MILLS, TO VISIT

G. R. SPIGELMYER'S

—"FAIR" AND "SUPPLY DEPOT."—

LOWEST PRICES! LATEST STYLES

MODEL STORE OF PENNS VALLEY.

INTERESTING NOTICE.

Two weeks ago our Fall Stock began to arrive, and to say that we were surprised at the way they turned out expresses it but mildly. Every where we hear words of praise and commendation. One lady from New York remarked: "I never expected to find such a store in Bellefonte." If you will be honest and candid and take a look we know that you will be astonished and have to acknowledge the same.

In Dress Trimmings, Pasamentries, Fringes, Heading Ornaments, Buttons, Buckles, &c., our line will exceed by far any of our neighbors.

Our 54-inch dollar Dress Cloth for 75 Cents beats them all. The cloths are made by first-class makers—less eminent perhaps than Lupin but in quality and wear equal any made. We have but a limited quantity left—remember 54 inches wide at 75 cents, never before offered for less than one dollar.

We would be pleased to have you call, and feel sure that you will not regret it.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Oct.*, 188 4.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Wednesday opens cool and starts in with a chilly rain.

——For good boots and shoes at low prices go to J. Mullen's.

——Have remarkably fine weather for this time of the year.

Zephyrs and Columbia yarn.—Garmans. 8

——Some of our farmers were still sowing grain beginning of this week.

German Linens—Garmans. 8

50 cent, all wool, cashmere—Garmans.

——Dan'l Hess' big rambos don't go bad. Wish we were nearer to them.

Now is the time to leave your order for a fall suit at the Bee Hive.

——Jonathan Harter and wife, of Millheim, have taken a two weeks' trip to Ohio.

50 cent curtain poles—Garmans. 8

Lace curtains—Garmans. 8

——The Fisher property at Farmers Mills was sold last week to Calvin Fisher for $8500.

——A second hand coal stove, medium size, for sale cheap at this office. tf

——J. S. Rowe, one of the active young business men from across the valley, gave us a call.

——If you want to save 10 to 20 per cent. buy your boots and shoes of John Mullen.

——The Lutherans of Lewisburg, by unanimous vote, have chosen Rev. Mr. Leisenring, of Muncy, their pastor.

Entire stock of ladies', and children's silk and lisle gloves, closing out at 25 per cent below cost at the Bee Hive.

——Simon Ruble informs us that he intends putting up a small grist mill for making roller flour on the site of the burnt mill property and running it by water power.

Stacks of fancy goods—Garmans.

New fall stock open for your inspection—Garmans.

——Mrs. Israel Harter writes from Fulton, Ohio: We see in the REPORTER that the old farm (Wm. Harter's, in Haines twp.,) yielded 25 bushels of wheat to the acre. They will have to do better than that. Our crop averaged 36 bushels from 21 acres.

——Men and boys' suits lower than ever, at the Philad. Branch. Lewins & Co. take the rag off the bush for low prices, largest stock and best variety. If you want to save any of your hard earned dollars, buy your clothing at the Philad. Branch.

— Mr. Joseph Baker, of Harris township, died on 2d instant, aged about 78 years. Mr. Baker was well known, and a useful citizen. He served many years as a director of the Centre Hall Fire Ins. Co., taking a deep interest in its affairs. He was noted at our county fairs for his fine display of all kinds of fruit.

——A. C. Mingle has opened the fall campaign in boots and shoes. A splendid new stock for men, women and children, which can not be excelled by any store in the county, has just been opened out, and he offers bargains that can not be equalled. All his goods are genuine and warranted as represented, or money refunded. Call at Mingle's, in the Brockerhoff house block.

——Ed. Allison, of Potters Mills, bought himself a new Spencer rifle, and opened the deer season on 1st instant. Going to Underwood's saw-mill in the Seven Mountains the first shot from his new rifle brought down a 200 lb. deer. We are fond of venison but can't shoot any.

——The Aaronsburg Lutheran charge has invited Rev. Asper, of Maryland, to preach trial sermons. He will preach at Aaronsburg on Sunday morning, 19, at St. Paul's in the afternoon, at Millheim in the evening, same day, and on Saturday evening, 18, at PennsCreek.

——Headquarters for clothing, boots and shoes, etc., at J. D. Long's, Spring Mills.

——Rev. Sarvis and lady desire to express their thanks to the members of the Centre Hall M. E. charge for the many good and useful things presented them in their donation visit to the parsonage last Saturday evening, for which those kind friends will ever be held in fond remembrance.

——Housekeepers should bear in mind that Sechlers keep the best groceries. They are in daily receipt of goods hence you always get a fresh article. Give them a call, you will find it headquarters for any thing belonging to their line. They sell but a trifle above cost for cash. All kinds of country produce taken and the highest market price allowed for same.

——The Stone mill lately burned, was insured in an outside company, at an estimated value of $6000, and an actual insurance of $4000. The agent of the company allowed Mr. Ruble $3500, contending that the wear of the machinery in the last few years had lessened the value of the actual insurance $500.

——The campaign is getting warmer and drawing to a close. Soon there will be some going up Salt river. All parties, however, can get the cheapest ready-made clothing at the Philad. Branch. All their goods are warranted and one price for all, democrats, greenbackers, republicans, prohibitionists, and the folks that believe in Mrs. Lockwood. The Philad. Branch is the genuine people's clothing house.

——From the Sunbury Democrat we learn that Mr. John Sankey was recently tried in the Northumberland county court for prevailing on a certain witness to remain away from court, was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and serve three months in jail. The paper adds: "Mr. Sankey sobbed bitterly as sentence was being pronounced." His attorney made a motion for a new trial, but the court overruled it, and he is now in jail.

——Harper & Kreamer have gone to the city for a new stock of fall and winter goods, which will be on by end of this week. They will make a big display of the best and latest styles in the market, backed up by prices that will defy competition, and surprise the natives in point of bargains. This new stock will be carefully selected with a view to the wants of the people, and they invite all to come and see the new goods.

——A representative of the Emerick heirs is now in Europe looking up the matter of several million dollars left by John Nicholas Emerick. He reports the prospects fair of obtaining the fortune, and has discovered additional property in London which still goes in the name of Emerick. There are already over a hundred of the Emerick heirs as claimants.

——All the Greenback delegates to the state convention held at Bellefonte, last week, went home happy, and shouting for Lewins and Butler. When they learned that the Philadelphia Branch sold clothing so very low, they resolved that Lewins was a bigger man than old Butler. The delegates mostly went there dressed in shabby, threadbare suits, but thanks to the low prices of the Philad. Branch, all could afford to get a new suit, and go home well-dressed for a few dollars.

——The tenth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Harrisburg, October 15, 16 and 17. Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston; Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa; and Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickson, of New York; and other well known speakers will be present. The special line of work of this organization, for the coming year, is to secure a law requiring the "Effect of Stimulants and Narcotics Upon the Human System," to be taught in all schools under State control.

——The jury to assess right-of-way damages on Col. Taylor's farm at Old Fort, viewed the ground on Thursday last, and then proceeded to Centre Hall, where testimony was heard for and against. The jury awarded $485 for damages. The award should have been much less, coosidering the value the railroad adds to the farm situated so near a town, but Mr. Taylor's attorney, Mr. Kephart, pleading so earnestly for his client, may have caused the award to be $200 greater than the crumb would otherwise have been. The bondsmen here, not the railroad company, pay it.

——A surprise party broke in upon the domicil of Rev. W. E. Fischer, a few evenings ago, composed of ladies and gentlemen, members of the Centre Hall congregation, and to show their regard for pastor and family, the folks brought with them sacks, bags, packages, boxes, jars, etc., all of which contained household articles of every description, and were deposited upon his tables with expressions of good will, such as would make the heart of any minister glad and cheer him on in his labors. This spirit of good will of members towards their pastor has existed all thro' Rev. Fischer's ministry in this charge, without an exception—a fact which must be highly gratifying to pastor and flock.

Raw silk and turkaman—Garmans.

Everybody says our stock is immense—Garmans.

MARTHA WASHINGTON SUPPER.—The ladies of the Reformed church at Aaronsburg cordially invite the public to a supper on Friday evening, Saturday afternoon and evening, Oct. 17 and 18. Oysters, ice-cream, cake and other refreshments will be served by ladies dressed in Martha Washington style. "Chicken and waffles" will be added to the bill of fare. Various articles of clothing and fancy work, prepared by the sewing circle, will at the same time be offered for sale. The Millheim band is invited to be present and enliven the occasion with excellent music. The proceeds will be appropriated to the furnishing of the new church. Come one and all. COM. OF LADIES' MITE SOCIETY.

Misses' hosiery—Garmans. 8

Linens for wedding presents—Garmans. 8

Plush balls, felts, plush petals, tinsel, chenille daisy, plushes, etc.—Garmans.

Merino hosiery and underwear—Garmans.

Cotton flannel and muslins—Garmans

FROM OHIO.

BUCYRUS, Ohio, Sept. 24.

HON. FRED KURTZ—Dear Sir: This state is seemingly the bone of contention or battle ground in the political contest which is assuming a magnitude not equaled since the war. Each party is marshaling hosts from the galaxy of its luminaries from every state in the union. The Republican party is exhausting much of its enthusiasm in raising tall and massive poles, but the Democratic party raises the largest and most respectable audiences, and many of the heretofore rankest Republicans have declared in favor of Cleveland. Crawford county will be certain of a Democratic majority of 2,500. Gen. James A. Beaver, who upon his visit to Alliance, Ohio, to hear the big Indian Logan speak, was pocket-picked, on 22d inst. Whilst it is known that James A. Beaver has been in bad company and moving within Republican circles conjectures as to his having been robbed by Democrats are not entertained—a fate which even his companion, the blind Ohio Republican orator, West, escaped; but the party he represents has made itself so eminently notorious in its advances into and demands upon the pockets of the people whereby to build up large navies, etc., which we do not have, and the four hundred millions surplus in the national treasury from which to make the largest and last grab which will put in the shade the Little Rock and Fort Fisher bonds, Credit Mobilier, Freedmens Bureaus, railroad land grants, Star Routes, etc., it is little to be wondered at if they begin to steal from each other. But like in our gubernatorial campaign of last year the republicans inviting the people to hear our next governor, Foraker, who has been reported as having made 105 speeches whilst Gov. Hoadly made but three and was elected, so with all their display of poles, etc., many and all of the Republicans will realize the very important fact that Gen. Beaver was not the only one of the great party of good moral ideas who was not wide awake. The General, like the one in whose interest he is working, must before long come to a halt, and cogitate upon the scripture lesson that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Respectfully,

J. B. KREIDER.

Bicycle and pink shirts—Garmans.

One lot of ladies' dress cloth at a sacrifice—Garmans.

MADISONBURG NOTES.

David Ertle threshed 554 bushels of wheat and 300 bushels of oats at Michael Rishel's in 10 hours; this crawls Prof. Baney—he kept 16 hands busy. The Lutherahs are now getting ready to finish their church; the plasterers will begin next week, and Mr. D. L. Bartges with his five hands will hurry it through. We notice B. F. Miller is putting sky-lights in his barn. Messrs. W. C. Noll and Israel Wolf moved in their new houses and will work in their new shop. J. H. Limbert has the boss corn; one stock measures 12 feet. Jack, gather more guanno for the corn. The fastest traveling train that ever went through town was David Ertle and engine. Samuel B. Shafer has painted his house which is one of the showeyest in town. John Shafer, jr., is putting up a new pen for his 500 porkers. Stoneware is sold by Bartges & Bro. at 9 cents per gallon. Mr. Jack Ocker was on the sick list, but Dr. Lee is getting him out again. H. S.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

Examine our new goods—Garmans.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

The waters are lower than they have been for many years. Some of our people attended the Pine Creek Sunday school celebration last Saturday, composed of the Pine Creek school and the school from Musser's church. Mr. M'Cool has his steam sawmill going again. There was a good Democratic meeting held at Ripga's school house last Saturday. Messrs. Fortney, Woodward and Rhone addressed the meeting. A certain teacher, a Republican, that thought he was smart once said at a radical meeting at Spring Mills, that in the mountains where the people were ignorant they were Democrats, but when you got to Spring Mills, where people were intelligent, there they were Republicans. That was a few years ago, but we did not yet see that the fellow was smarter than our folks in the mountains, and he wasn't smart enough to get along here. Farmers are husking corn, and the crop will be pretty fair. Old Gregg will give Cleveland and Hendricks a big majority. REX.

The Prettiest baby in York has got a new head gear.—*York Dispatch.* The prettiest baby in Chester has got a new bottle.—Chester *Times.* The prettiest baby in West Chester has a new tooth.—West Chester *Republican.* And the prettiest baby in Lancaster is too numerous to particularize about.—Lancaster *Inquirer.* The prettiest baby in Carlisle got a *whippin'* Sunday evening.—Carlisle *Herald.* The prettiest baby in New Port has just got over a severe spell of cholera infantum.—Newport *Ledger.* The prettiest baby in Centre Hall has got to bawling because its ma stays out so long.

EIGHTY VESSELS WRECKED.

London, October 3.—Intelligence has just been received here of a terrible and disastrous hurricance in Iceland on the 11th of September. The accounts thus far received show that nineteen trading vessels and sixty fishing boats were lost and ninety-two vessels disabled. The most appalling feature of the hurricane was the loss of life. The exact number of those who perished has not been ascertained, but it is known to have been very great.

HOGS DYING BY HUNDREDS.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 30.—Pleuropneumonia has broken out in a serious form among the hogs in Western Maryland, and the animals are dying by the hundreds.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

Nc. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

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A REPUBLICAN LIE NAILED.

The Republican managers hereabouts are so anxious to elect their candidates to the Legislature to vote for a Republican United States Senator, and have been quietly circulating the report that if Mr. Woodward and Mr. Rhone were elected they would vote for a bill requiring stock of all kind to be kept in enclosures. The following correspondence on that subject fully and effectually nails that lie:

SPRING MILLS, Centre county, Pa., September 25, 1884.

John A. Woodward, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—The report is being circulated throughout this section of the county that if elected Representative to our Legislature you will vote for a law requiring stock of all kind to be kept in enclosures—thus preventing poor people from pasturing their cattle on the mountains or unfenced lands of the county. We write to ascertain your intentions in this matter, and would be pleased to have your views on this subject plainly stated, and oblige,

Yours, very respectfully, &c.,

J. B. HECKMAN,
M. L. RISHEL,
I. J. GRENOBLE,
HENRY KRUMRINE.

HOWARD, Pa., September 30, 1884.

Messrs. J. B. Heckman, M. L. Rishel, I. J. Grenoble, Henry Krumrine:

GENTLEMEN—The report referred to in your kind favor of the 25th inst. is untrue. Possibly its origin may be found in the fact that I advocate and practice, as a matter of farm economy, the abandonment of inside fences, and the herding of stock when at pasture on the farm.

I regard public office as a public trust, to be administered in the interest and in compliance with the wishes of those by whom the trust is committed; and if elected to the Legislature, I shall faithfully try to perform the duties attaching to the position in accord with this view.

In my judgment such legislation as that to which you allude would be in opposition to the interest and wishes of a large majority of the citizens of the county. I shall therefore if it be presented vote against it.

Thanking you for calling my attention to the matter,

I am very truly,

JNO. A. WOODWARD.

Mr. Rhone writes a similar letter denying the charges, same as Mr. Woodward.

BLOODSHED IN MEXICO.

Monterey, Mex., October 3.—Accounts from Salinas City, 40 miles north of here, state that a terrible battle took place there yesterday between an organized company of baudit outlaws and the city authorities. Judge Jonse Santos, the chief of Alcalde of Salinas, has during the past five years incurred the displeasure of evil-doers by the overbearing manner in which he treated them, and in trying to convict them on trivial charges. Yesterday morning an organized attack was made upon the city hall by a mob. Judge Santos, with the aid of 20 policemen and a number of friends, barricaded the doors and opened fire on the mob from the windows. After an exciting battle, lasting over two hours, in which a number of people in the streets were killed, the doors were forced open, the mob rushed in and seized Judge Santos, plunged daggars into him and threw his body into the street. The Chief of Police was also killed, and his body thrown out of a window. It is stated that ten others were killed from both sides, and 25 badly wounded. The mob still have possession of the city and further killing and depredations are anticipated.

SIX OF ONE; HALF-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

[Buffalo Express.]

It is a toss-up whether Butler is the Keely of politics or Keely the Butler of mechanics.

GOLDEN NAILS IN THE LOCKWOOD PLATFORM.

[Yonkers Gezette.]

The great desideratum of a woman's existance is a husband, but the pinnacle of the desideratum is a baby to hug and kiss and rolly-polly and grind her nose in.

AN UNFAIR DIG AT THE GREAT RETIRED.

[Buffalo Courier.]

If Conkling intends to vote for St. John it is safe to say that he does not vote as he drinks.

——New goods at J. D. Long's, Spring Mills, at bottom prices. Please call and compare prices at once.

Misses' hosiery—Garmans. 8

Fine hosiery—Garmans. 8

A MAN AND WOMAN TO BE HANGED.

Alfred, Me., Sept. 30.—Mary Barrows and Oscar E. Blaney were to-day sentenced to be hanged on the third Friday in December, for the murder of Thomas Barrows, the woman's husband.

DIED.

On Oct. 2, at Spring Bank, Centre Co., Jacob Clayton, son of Perry F. and Mary A. Confer, aged 5 years, 2 months, 18 days. Disease diptheria.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 20c to 25c; young chickens, per pair, 40c; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 17c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 12c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; apple butter, per qt., 15c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13c; apples, 50.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 18; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 18 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	58¾	—64
Wheat	"	77¾	—85½
Oats	"	26¼	— 34
Pork	"	16.50	
Lard	"	7.37½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

Stamped splasher tidies, buffet covers, etc.—Garmans.

ALL MADE FROM SMOKE.

The old saying that nothing is wasted or lost in nature is true in regard to the smoke from the furnace of Elk Rapids, Mich. In this furnace are manufactured fifty tons of charcoal per day. There are twenty-five charcoal pits, constructed of brick. Each pit is filled with 100 cords of hard wood and then fired. The vast amount of smoke from these pits, which was formerly lost in the air, is now utilized. Works have been erected to convert the smoke into chemicals and acids.

These works are a curiosity. First they have a circular tube, made of wood, with pine staves, sixteen feet in length, bound together with heavy iron hoops. This tube is placed directly over the pits in a horizontal position, with an opening from each pit into the tube. At the end nearest the building there is a large drum containing a rotary fan, propelled by machinery, the power of which is gas. That acts as a suction or draft for the smoke, which is conveyed into fire stills filled with copper pipe, two and one-half inches in diameter. The boxes in which the pipes are situated are twenty feet square, eight feet deep, made of heavy pine and filled with cold water; they are all connected by copper pipes; they are connected with the main still, 100 feet in length, ten feet wide and eight feet deep, filled with copper pipes, two and one-half inches in diameter, in horizontal position, surrounded by cold water; from this conveyed to a purifier, from which runs what is called pyroligneous acid, which is as clear as amber, with an unpleasant odor.

From the acid is produced, first, acetate of lime; second, alcohol; third, tar; fourth, gas, which is consumed under the boilers. Each cord of wood contains 28,000 cubic feet of smoke; 2,800,000 feet of smoke handled every twenty-four hours, producing 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 200 gallons of alcohol and twenty-five pounds of tar. These products have a commercial value in the manufacture of various articles. The smoke from 40,000 cords of wood consumed per annum is thus made a source of much profit, as the works are automatic, and require no workmen to run them.

STUDIES OF THE SUN.

With an instrument of moderate power an observer sees the surface of the sun, not a dead white, but having a uniform mottled or "stippled" appearance, and he will also see, perhaps, some very black patches surrounded by gray borders.

These latter are the "sun spots," so called for want of a better term, and have occasioned much study and discussion as to what they are and what produces them. By daily watching these spots and noting their movement across the disk of the sun, his time of rotation on his own axis is found to be between twenty-five and twenty-six and one-half days. The variation in the time arises from the fact that the spots nearer the equator of the sun have a more rapid motion. This opens at once the inquiry into how this can be done, and it is answered by describing the solar surface and its physical characteristics.

The whole visible exterior of the sun is supposed to be a luminous cloudy envelope, and it is constantly in a state of turbulence. When this action is intensified at any one locality, the masses of cloud are rent apart in such a way that the lower stratum is exposed to view—this is supposed to be the dark body of the sun, or, perhaps, darker cloud substance than the immediate surface.

These movements are very often circular, and are termed cyclonic, and the rate of speed sometimes seen to develop among these cloud masses exceeds a thousand miles in a minute of time.

FUMIGATION CURIOSITIES.

At St. Remy they have a curious method of fumigating. People who arrive by way of Tarascon are stopped at the entrance of the city and are obliged to undergo fumigation at the slaughter house, where the porter of the establishment has the direction of the operation. When he is absent his daughter supplies his place. As she does not know how to read or write, her father directed her to take a butcher's certificate for those who had been fumigated. The young girl the other day followed the directions of her father to the letter, but as she did not know the difference between the stamps, she took one that was used for marking pigs, and which bore this inscription, "Cochon;" that is to say, Hog. Accordingly the Arlesians arrived at St. Remy with a paper bearing this word in large letters, "Hog!" At Castres they not only fumigate you, but force you to pay 3f. for the operation. The family of the late M. Alezard, Municipal Councilor of Toulon, comprising his widow, his old mother, and his father-in-law, after the funeral went to a place in the country called La Crau, where they had an estate. The Mayor, informed of their arrival, refused them permission to occupy their own house. Neither tears nor supplications produced any effect. The poor stricken people were obliged to take refuge in an outhouse or barn, and to pass the night on a little damp straw.

Speech is like the cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but in packs.

Wedding presents—Garmans. 8

Hats and fine furnishing goods—Garmans. 8

President Cleveland

WILL BE INAUGURATED, MARCH 4, 1885.

THE WORLD,

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN NEW YORK.

EVERY DEMOCRAT SHOULD READ IT.

Daily, $6; Semi-Weekly, $2; Sunday, $1½; WEEKLY, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

MONEY CAN BE MADE

By any Man or Woman, Boy or Girl who will Organize Clubs for

THE WEEKLY EDITION.

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For 100 Subscribers at $1 each $25 will be paid; for 50 Subscribers, $12; for 25 Subscribers, $6; for 15 Subscribers, 3; for 10 Subscribers, $2; for 5 Subscribers, $1.

Agents wanted in every town and village. Circular and sample copies free. Send for them.

ONLY 15 CENTS

From Now to December.

TRY IT. TRY IT. TRY IT. TRY IT.

Twenty Per Cent. may be Retained for Orders of 10 or More Copies to One Address.

THE WORLD,
31 Park Row, New York.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. PURITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale, on the premises, ¾ mile northeast of Penn Hall, at 1 o'clock p. m., Saturday, Nov. 8, 1884:

All those certain messuages, tenements and tracts of land situated in the township of Gregg, County of Centre and state of Pennsylvania:

No. 1. One thereof beginning at stones, thence along Greiz's land south 71° west 158¾ perches to stones, thence north 25° west 65 7-10 perches to stones, thence along lands of Samuel Weaver north 74½° east 157⅗ perches to a pine, thence by lands of Buck and others south 25° east 80 perches to the place of beginning, containing 66 acres, 15 perches and allowance. Timber tract well timbered with yellow pine, chestnut and chestnut oak.

Nos. 2 and 3. Bounded on the north by lands of Gregg Burrell, on the east by lands of Samuel Gobel and others, on the south by lands of Peter Smith, and on the west by lands of Adam Ertle and David Emerick and others, containing 73 acres, more or less.

Terms—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year and the balance in two years with interest; deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHEL,
J. B. REAM,
Executors of Michael Ream.

8oct

CAUTION.—A promissory note, given on date of Jas. S. Krape's sale, by Wm. Rearick and J. F. Rearick, early in June, 1884, at 90 days, for $21.87, has been paid, but as the note has not been delivered to the proper parties, all persons are hereby cautioned against the purchase of said note.

WM. F. REARICK.

Spring Mills, Oct. 8. 3t

HOUSE AND LOT AT PRIVATE SALE.—A fine lot containing a good two-story House, with good stable, and all necessary outbuildings, is offered by the undersigned at private sale. There is a young orchard of choice fruit on the premises and a well of excellent water. For terms apply to BENJ. SMITH,

24sept4t Farmers Mills, Pa.

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—A complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated; postage paid for 10 two-cent stamps. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. Address, NUNDA PUBLISHING CO., Nunda, N. Y. 6aug3m

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23aprem

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timberland; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,

7may5m Spring Mills, Pa.

Any Housekeeper who sends at once the names of 5 married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, will receive free for one entire year, a handsome, entertaining and itstructive Domestic Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating, Shopping, Cooking and Household matters. Best paper published for Ladies. Every housekeeper wants it. Regular price, $1.00. Must send now! Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL, 6aug3m Nunda, New York.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1¼ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,

27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

GOOD WEEKLY PAPER FREE.

We will send the *Chicago Weekly News*, one year, to any one sending us the names of three new Cash subscribers to the CENTRE REPORTER, and give each of the new names 2 months (14 months) as a premium. This is a liberal offer, that leaves us no profit, but we make it as a trial to increase the list of the REPORTER. Any one can easily get three names under the above inducements and be well remunerated for his trouble. Two half yearly subscriptions will answer for one, and 6 half yearly for 3. tf

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER

We certainly lead all—Garmans.

Plaids, velvets and ribbons—Garmans